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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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IN ACTION IN RUSSIA, these Nazi machine-gunners are operating in a town fired by the retreating Soviet troops in accordance with the policy of leaving nothing of use to the enemy. A few snipers, however, remain to harass and delay the Nazi advance. A remarkable action photograph this—one in which the tense attitudes of the man firing the gun and the one feeding it are vividly expressed. *Photo, Keystone*

DO WE REALLY NEED AN ARMY OF MILLIONS?

NEVER in the long history of Britain have we made so great a military effort as today. Our Navy is the largest and most powerful in the world. Our Air Force cannot have far to go before it surpasses the Luftwaffe in numbers, as it surpasses it already in spirit. Our soldiers, here at home and on many a distant field, are to be counted in millions. We are trying to do what no other Great Power is attempting: we are trying to be supreme in three elements at once. And not content with this, we have embarked upon a colossal industrial effort, designed to supply not only our own needs but those of our allies.

About the necessity for a great navy and an air force as great in its own field, all men are agreed. But there is not the same unanimity about the necessity for a great army. Outside Downing Street and Whitehall there are few who know the actual strength of our present-day land forces, but Mr. Churchill told us nearly a year ago that it numbered two and a half millions (or four millions including the Home Guard), and there can be no doubt that today it is far larger.

EVERY male British subject in these islands between the ages of 18 and 41 is now liable for military service, and time and again the Schedule of Reserved Occupations has been revised so as to enable more and more men to join the colours. So extensive are the powers granted to the military authorities, and so drastically have they been exercised, that there is hardly a department of our national life which has not been adversely affected in consequence. We are likely to shiver in our homes this winter—and, much more important, our public utilities and communications are likely to be most seriously hampered—because thousands of coal-miners have been drafted into the Army. In vain it has been urged that some considerable percentage of them should be returned to the mines. The War Office is adamant: once a soldier, always a soldier, is its argument. Industry, however, is not in a position to make so firm a stand, so men who left the mines years ago because there was no work for them and secured jobs elsewhere are now being compelled to return to the mines at a lower wage.

AGAIN, tens of thousands of agricultural workers have joined the Army and must remain there, even though the harvest rots in the fields because of the lack of workers, even though good ships and gallant seamen are lost bringing food to Britain which ought to have been, and could have been, produced within our own shores. The building trade is crying out for craftsmen, and the construction of aerodromes, aircraft factories, armament works, soldiers' camps and homes for munition workers is held up because the carpenters and joiners, the plasterers and painters are forming threes on the parade ground. Our A.R.P. services are being combed week by week since the powers-that-be have decided that the defenders of our lives and property against air bombardment can be better employed in khaki. Worse still, never a day goes by but one reads of complaints that highly skilled engineers, who ought to be making aeroplanes and tanks, shells and bombs, are pushing pens in battalion orderly rooms, washing up crockery or cleaning the barrack windows.

THERE would be fewer complaints about this misdirection of the nation's man-power if the necessity for the huge army was more clearly apparent. But there is a widespread belief that our military mandarins have been so bitten by the bug of their own importance that they consider that the Army's needs are the only needs worth consideration.

But surely it is reasonable to ask, if we have this great army, why don't we use it? "Oh," reply the mandarins, "but we *are* using it. We have to maintain an enormous force in these islands, ready to repel the Nazi invaders. We have an army in the Western Desert and the Middle East, another in India. We have to maintain garrisons in Singapore and Gibraltar, Iceland and Abyssinia. . . Besides, the time will come when we shall be able to take the offensive in real earnest, and *then* we shall need all the men we can get."

To which the ordinary man responds with a shrug of the shoulders. To put it plainly, there is a widespread scepticism concerning the ability, and the intention, of Hitler to launch a large-scale attack on these islands at an early date. Even the Prime Minister's eloquence, even his warning that the defence services should be ready to meet an invasion by the beginning of September, have been unable to convince the sceptics. Of late weeks, since the invasion of Russia, criticism of our military policy (or lack of policy) has become ever more loud, ever more widespread. Why don't we do something to help Russia? is the question asked in the railway carriage and the saloon bar, in the club lounge and the suburban parlour. Why don't we raid the 1,500 miles of coastline which lie so invitingly in front of us? Why don't we make a dash on Bergen one day and on Boulogne the next, then ring the changes on Ostend and Oslo? Why waste any more bombs on the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst? Why not go into Brest and fetch them out? Why shouldn't we recapture the dash and daring, the vigour and valour, of the last war, and repeat Sir Roger Keyes' Zeebrugge exploit of 1918? Some go further and urge that now or never is the time to invade the Continent—now, when Hitler, with what would seem to be a contemptuous disregard of our striking power, has denuded Western Europe of all his best troops.

Altogether unconvincing appear the replies to those questions. We are told that we cannot raid the Continent, still less invade it, because the danger of a Nazi invasion of Britain is still imminent; because we are not even yet strong enough to invade the Continent in force; because—this is the latest excuse—we cannot spare the ships to take our men across the Channel and the North Sea.

BUT if we are not going to invade or even raid until we have an army big enough to take on the Germans single-handed, then we shall never be in a position to do so. One does not have to be much of a mathematician to realize that a nation of 45 millions can never compete in numbers with the 120 million Germans and Italians. Thus it is not surprising that some shrewd observers argue that the *real* reason why we have not invaded the Continent is not because we fear for our security, not because we are expecting to wake up one fine morning to see the Nazi armada throbbing its way across the narrow seas, but because our Army is not yet sufficiently equipped. In other words, we are told the Germans are about to invade us because we are not yet able to invade Germany.

If it is asked why we are not even yet in a position to take the offensive, then the answer must be sought in our production policy. We have not the men, we are told; it would be more to the point to say that we have not the tanks, the guns, the ships, the planes, the shells, the bombs. . .

MEANWHILE, we are letting slip an extraordinary opportunity—one which we had no right to expect; one which, once it is lost, can never return. For three months our Russian ally has been standing up to the full brunt of the world's greatest military machine. At the present moment the Russians are staggering in the scorched wheat fields of the Ukraine, in the bloody quagmires before Leningrad. They may keep upright. On the other hand, they may succumb; and then what use will our Army be, however numerous, however well-equipped? When the Red millions have been defeated, are our comparatively tiny armies likely to fare any better?

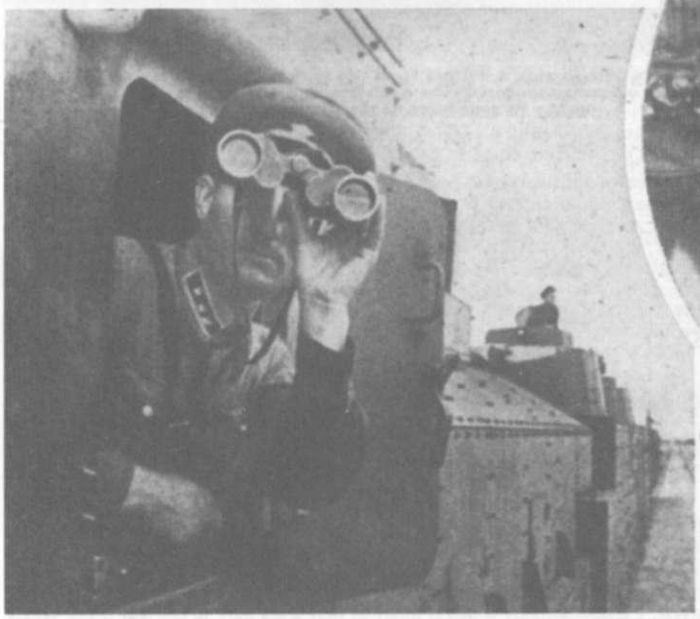
Surely *now* is the time of imperative need to fling into the balance all the weight which we can muster. For if Russia falls, at best the war must continue for years and years; hardly better, the war must end in a draw; at the worst, we, too, shall be thrust into the pit of Nazidom.

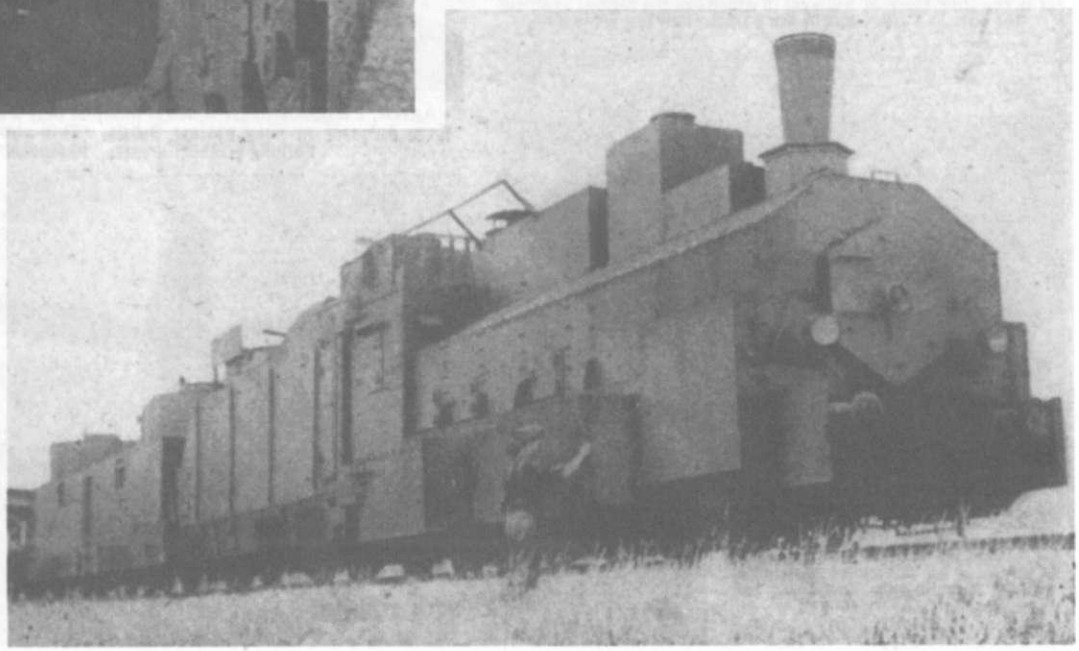
E. Royston Pike

BRITAIN'S ARMY has at long last a considerable mechanized element. Above we see a division of the Royal Armoured Corps parading before the King somewhere in the Eastern Command on Sept. 12. *Photo, Keystone*

Armoured Trains Help to Defend Leningrad

Soviet armoured train, typical of many that are being used to smash the Nazi divisions trying to capture Leningrad. Beneath, in the circle, the commander of an armoured train examining Nazi uniforms and colours draped beside the railway line. They were found in a German armoured car which had been abandoned by the crew.





On look-out for Stukas, the commander of a Soviet armoured train scans the horizon on his way up to the battle-front on the outskirts of Leningrad. On the right, a Nazi soldier beside a Soviet armoured train captured from the Russians. A bomb placed in the tender had made it unusable.

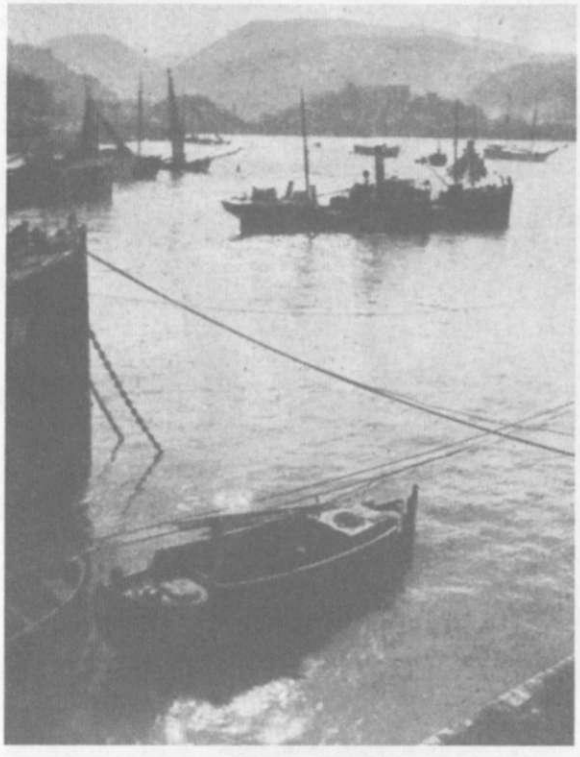
The defence of Leningrad, one of the greatest military feats in history, is the result of a combination of mechanical power and the fanatical courage of the Soviet troops and citizens resolved to die rather than surrender. How many Nazis have been killed in this inferno will never be known, but whatever happens to Leningrad now, her splendid fighting defiance will have materially helped to destroy the power of Hitlerism.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Planet News, Wide World

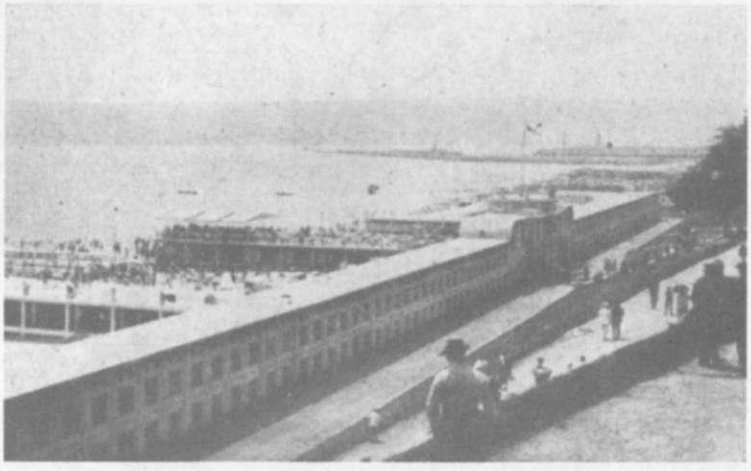
Black Sea Ports Menaced by the Fires of War

SEBASTOPOL, the Soviet port not far from Balaclava, Crimea, on the Black Sea. It is one of the Russian state dockyards, and has a population of about 80,000.

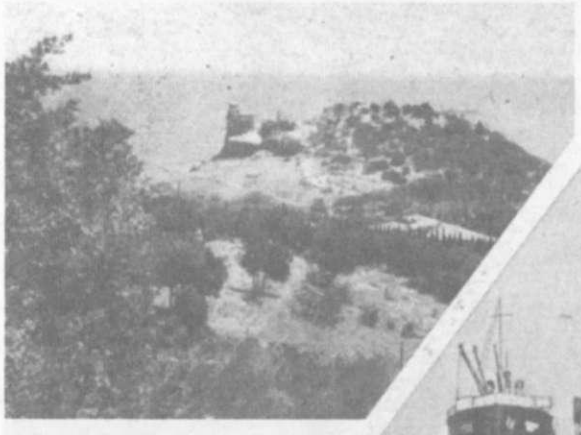
TRABZON (Trebizond), a Turkish town not far from the Transcaucasian frontier. One of the oldest settlements on the Black Sea, it is still enclosed within Byzantine walls. Its population at the last census was 29,682.

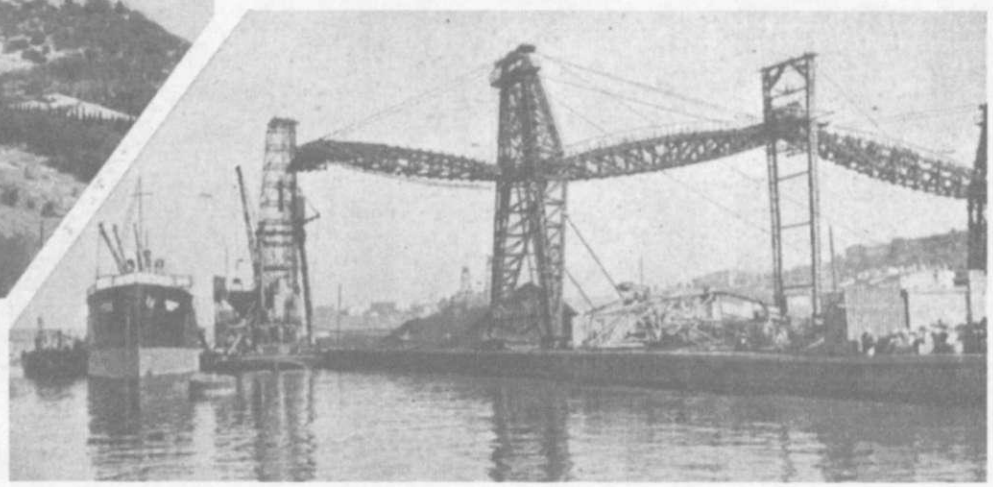


ZONGULDAK, a Turkish port, about 150 miles east of Istanbul. It is the chief town of a vilayet in which lies the biggest coalfield not only in Turkey but in the Balkans and the Near East.



VARNA, a Bulgarian port which is likely to play a big part in the war if the Nazis force Bulgaria to fight against Russia. This photograph shows the up-to-date bathing establishments. Population in 1934, 70,000.





YALTA, on the Crimean coast, has long been famed as a Russian health resort. Called "The Swallow's Nest," this view gives a good idea of its natural beauty. On the right, a glimpse of industrial **ODESSA**, which, though surrounded by the Nazis, is still holding out.

Photos, Topical Press, E.N.A. and Paul Popper

Maybe There Will Be Battles in the Black Sea

When the Germans invested Odessa, cut off the Crimea, and reached the Sea of Azov, the Black Sea was brought into the zone of active military operations. Naval operations, too, may be expected, since the sea route is the most direct from Hitler's Europe to Batum and the oil region lying in the Caucasus beyond.

On the map the Black Sea does not look very large, but in fact it is as big as the Baltic. From Constantza on its western shore to Batum on its eastern is a matter of some 700 miles, so that Hitler's convoys—if they should actually set sail—will be five or six days making the passage.

Geographers are not too sure about the origin of the Black Sea's name. Its waters are not particularly black, but the gloomy nature of its climate may well be responsible for the adjective. In the summer months navigation is easy and safe, and the climate in some favoured regions—the Crimean coasts and the Caucasus in particular—is delightful. It is this aspect which is responsible for the Sea's ancient name, Euxine, from the Greek for hospitable. But in winter the Sea, completely enclosed as it is on every side, is swept by fierce storms, which make it well-nigh impassable for shipping. In January and February its north coasts are icebound; though Odessa is never completely frozen up, the entrance to its harbour is made dangerous by floating ice.

Tideless, immensely deep, the Black Sea drains nearly a quarter of Europe and much of Asia Minor; it receives many great rivers—Danube, Dniester, Bug, Dnieper, Don and Kuban in Europe, and a number of lesser streams from the mountains of Anatolia. For the most part its coasts are high—the chief exceptions are at the Danube mouth and in the Crimea; and it is ringed with fine harbours. At its extreme south-western corner, where through the Bosporus its waters have an outlet to the Mediterranean, lies Istanbul. Proceeding northwards we come to Burgas and Varna, in Bulgaria. Then in Rumania are Constantza, and Sulina in the Danube delta. Next we have the Russian ports: Odessa, Nikolayev and Kherson; Sebastopol in the Crimea; Novorossiisk beyond the Straits of Kerch, Tuapse (where the oil pipe-line from Grozny ends), and Sukhum, Poti, and Batum, terminus of the twin pipe-lines from Baku. Then along its southern shore are the Turkish harbours of Hopa, Trabzon, Samsun and Sinop.

Often the Black Sea is called a Russian lake, partly because so much of its shores are Russian, but still more because within it the Soviet Navy is predominant.

Mystery Fortress of Sebastopol

Sebastopol in the Crimea is one of the Soviet Union's principal naval bases and dockyards. It lies four miles up an estuary, one of the best roadsteads of Europe, large and deep enough to accommodate all the fleets of the continent. The chalk cliffs lining the estuary are strongly fortified; for most of the way the width is three-quarters of a mile, but at the entrance it narrows to 930 yards. In English history Sebastopol has its place because of the great siege of the 1854-5 by the English, French and Turks. After its evacuation by the Russians the Allies blew up its fortifications, and by the Treaty of Paris of the following year the Russians were bound not to re-fortify it. But in 1870 this restriction was repudiated and Sebastopol once again became a naval arsenal. It is not a commercial harbour, and no ships other than those on Government business have ever been allowed to enter it. It is indeed one of Europe's mystery fortresses; just how strong it is, only time, and Hitler, may prove.

Second to Sebastopol as a naval base ranks Novorossisk. Nikolayev has a naval dockyard, and a number of warships were building there when it was captured by the Germans on August 17. The Russians claimed, however, that they would take a long time to complete. It is said that even if Sebastopol were captured or rendered untenable, the Soviet Navy could be adequately based on Novorossiisk, while the smaller ships could operate from Batum.

Strength of the Soviet Navy

The present strength of the Soviet Navy in the Black Sea is a matter of conjecture, since Russian Navy secrets are as well kept as those of Japan. The old battleship *Pariskaya-Kommuna*—formerly the Sebastopol, built in 1911 and reported to be decrepit—went to the Black Sea in 1930 for a refit, and is probably still there. One or two other battleships of the same class may also be there, but their fighting value is distinctly problematical. Then there may be the aircraft carrier *Stalin*, and several cruisers—*Krasni Kavkaz*, *Profintern*, and *Chervonaya Ukraina*. *Profintern* was laid down with *C. Ukraina* in 1915, but not completed until 1925; she was refitted in 1937 and is reported to have been renamed *Krasni Krim*. Then there are two new cruisers, *Kubyshev* and *Orjonikidze*, which were due to be completed in the summer of 1940; *Kubyshev*, at least, may be actually in service. But the main strength of the Soviet fleet in the Black Sea lies in its small craft. There is a destroyer flotilla numbering about 20, while there may be 30 submarines—perhaps more.

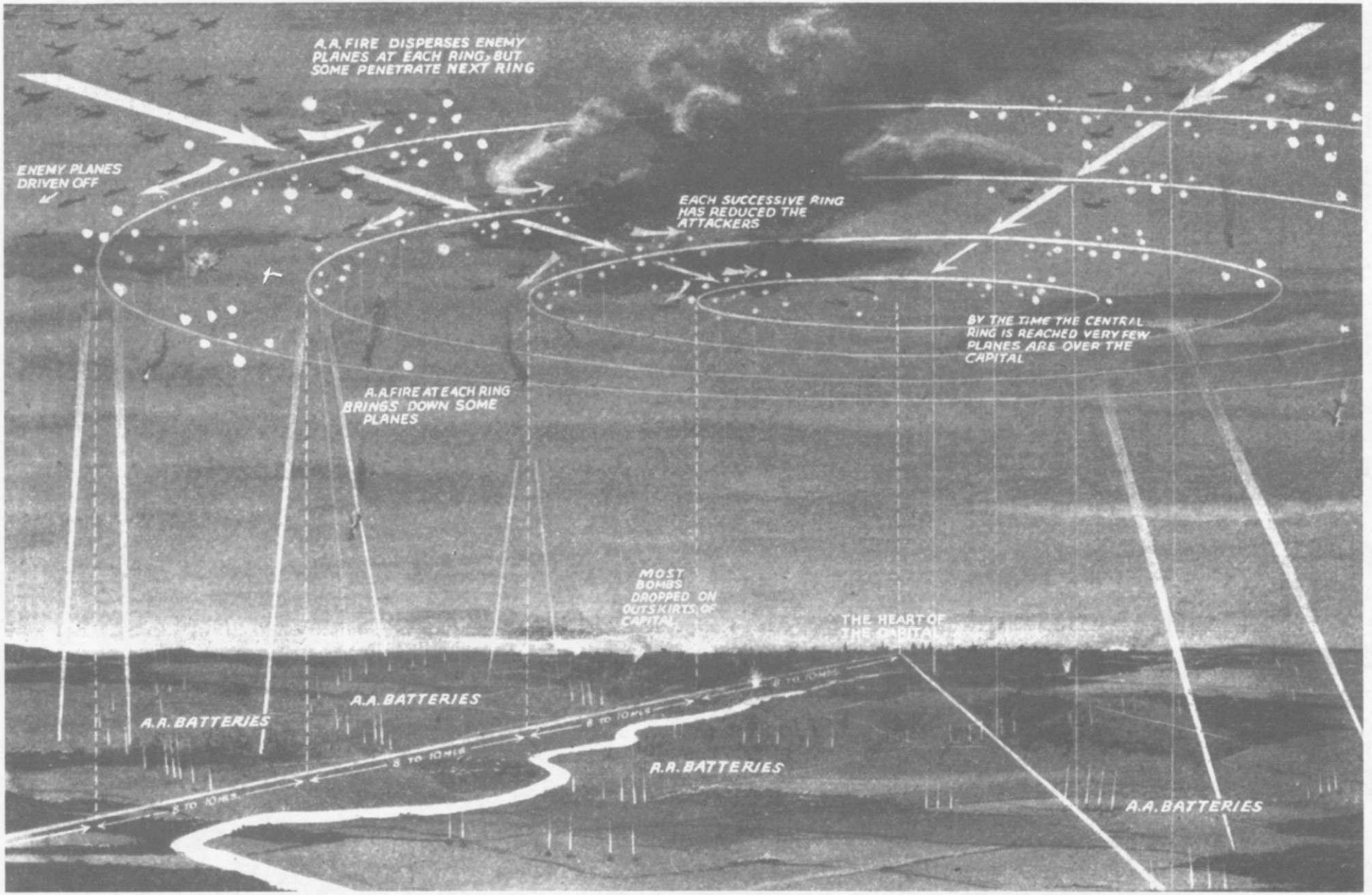
Against this force, weak as it may seem, the Germans in the Black Sea are able to oppose only one very much weaker. The German fleet can consist only of any U-boats and E-boats which they have brought down the Danube, but to these must be added the Rumanian and Bulgarian fleets. Rumania's Black Sea Division before the war consisted of four destroyers (*Regele Ferdinand*, *Regina Maria*, *Marasti*, and *Marasesti*), three torpedo-boats, a minelayer, four gunboats, and a submarine. The Danube Division was composed of eight monitors and a patrol vessel. As for Bulgaria, she was compelled at the end of the last war to surrender all warships and submarines, but she was permitted to maintain on the Danube and along the Black Sea coast four torpedo-boats and six motor-boats.

Altogether, the Germans, Rumanians and Bulgarians cannot have more than 10 destroyers and torpedo-boats between them, to which must be added some U-boats and E-boats. Against these the Russians can oppose, as we have seen, perhaps 20 destroyers and 30 submarines. The disparity is great, but it would be much more than compensated for if the Germans could manage to introduce into the Black Sea even a small portion of the Italian Navy.

Italian Warships for Bulgaria?

Of late weeks it has been reported that Turkey would be required to permit the passage through the Dardanelles of Italian warships "sold" to Bulgaria. Bulgaria, so the Germans have been arguing, is a neutral in the Russo-German war, and hence Turkey should allow her ships to pass through the Dardanelles, since the Montreux Convention states that in wartime, Turkey being neutral, warships of belligerents only are banned from the Straits. But it should be difficult to convince the Turks that Bulgaria is not a belligerent, more particularly since the Russian Note of September 11 which accused the Bulgarian Government of permitting their country to be used as a base for warlike operations against the Soviet Union. These warlike operations, there can be little doubt, consisted of the use of the Bulgarian ports as "invasion ports." Significant, too, is the presence in Bulgaria of Admiral Raeder, Hitler's Navy chief.

THE BLACK SEA, which may become the scene of violent battles as a result of the recent Nazi successes in the Ukraine. Odessa, the Crimea and Batum are German objectives. The Black Sea, which is seven hundred miles wide from Constantza in the west to Batum in the east, is swept by fierce storms in winter, and for some months its north coasts are icebound.


A.A. FIRE DISPERSES ENEMY PLANES AT EACH RING, BUT SOME PENETRATE NEXT RING
ENEMY PLANES DRIVEN OFF
EACH SUCCESSIVE RING HAS REDUCED THE ATTACKERS
BY THE TIME THE CENTRAL RING IS REACHED VERY FEW PLANES ARE OVER THE CAPITAL
A.A. FIRE AT EACH RING BRINGS DOWN SOME PLANES
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MOSCOW'S AIR DEFENCES, which have taken considerable toll of the Luftwaffe and have prevented the German invaders from reaching the centre of the city in any great numbers, are represented above in diagram form. Major-General Gromadin, Commander of the Moscow Air Defence Zone, has described how, although the Nazi Air Command sent its best fliers over Moscow on the first raids against the Russian capital, their formations were quickly dispersed by night-fighters and coordinated gunfire. "The Moscow air defence system," he says, "works smoothly in all weathers. At times thick cloud hindered the work of the fighters and the A.A. guns. The enemy bombers flew at 20-25 thousand feet. The reply to this was a massed barrage of shell fire in the enemy's path, which caused the bombers hastily to turn back and attempt another route of approach. They tried coming in from the south, the east—and everywhere they found the same intensive barrage. The scouting planes, which generally approached Moscow in the daytime, consistently avoided battle and dodged in and out of cloud, swooping away as quickly as they could."

Drawing by E. G. Lambert, by courtesy of "The Sphere"

We Showed the Russians Our Air Defences

RUSSIAN OFFICERS of the Soviet Military Mission have been shown some of the secrets of Britain's air defences. One of them is seen above testing the weight of an A.A. shell. Top, watching a gun team at work. Right, a Russian officer who is a test pilot at the controls of a Stirling, which he flew as second pilot.

Photos, British Official; Topical and Central Press

Our Searchlight on the War

HOSPITAL IN 'THE ROCK'

DEEP down inside the great rock of Gibraltar British and Canadian tunnellers are preparing the way for the world's most remarkable hospital. This hospital, named after Lord Gort, Gibraltar's Governor and Commander-in-Chief, will accommodate 800 beds in the heart of the rock, safe from bombs, shells and gas, and will have its own operating theatre. The fortress already possesses some completed underground hospitals, fully equipped for any emergency, and a convalescent home is being built in a huge cave high up on the giant face of the rock. A large brick building, it is so placed that it would be practically immune from any attack.

COXSWAIN BLOGG, of Cromer, who has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for the third time. He has also received the silver medal three times and the British Empire medal. *Photo, Associated Press*

GALLANT COXSWAIN

FOR the third time Coxswain Henry Blogg, of Cromer, has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution—the lifeboatman's V.C. Coxswain Blogg was largely instrumental in saving 119 lives when six ships were stranded on the Haisborough Sands during a gale. Seven medals, 18 vellums, and £117 were awarded to the coxswains and crews of five lifeboats which took part in the rescue.

AN ORANGE SOS

A NEW type of distress signal for the use of shipwrecked seamen is now being put into operation, and will be fitted on every ocean-going British merchant ship. It is a smoke float resembling a box about two feet square. Upon a button being pressed a bright red-orange cloud of smoke rises, which hovers in the air for a considerable time and is visible in good weather from nearly forty miles distance. The boxes float, and if water reaches the chemicals inside them this merely serves to thicken the already dense cloud of smoke.

TWO NIGHTS IN A CANOE

ON September 18 five French boys landed at Eastbourne after spending two nights and a day crossing the Channel in two canoes. Their ages range from 17 to 19½. On the night of September 16 they set out from a French town and paddled down river to the sea. During the day they could not use their sails owing to the presence of German aircraft, but they eventually arrived safely in this country, though one of the canoes struck a rock and sank just off shore, and the occupants were obliged to swim to land. The young men were received by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at Downing Street on September 22, and are now going to the Free French Cadet School.

NEW TYPE OF CARGO SHIP

CARGO ships of revolutionary design, known as Sea Otters, are now undergoing final tests in the U.S.A. This new type of vessel, which may prove of great value in combating submarines, has a six-foot propeller amidships instead of at the stern, and is driven by stock motor-car engines obtainable from any of the big car manufactures. Sixteen of them will be used in each Sea Otter. The vessels are 270 feet long, and with a displacement of 1,900 tons are comparatively light. They can carry a cargo load of 1,500 tons. Sea Otters can be built in two months by mass production methods, and can be constructed at inland yards and transported to the sea by river or canal.

POSTWOMEN mail van drivers are to have a new hat. The old type, seen right, tended to get knocked off by the overhanging roof of the van. The new type is of felt, with a peak, and looks very smart. *Photo, Keystone*

DE GAULLE'S ARMY GROWS

M. CHARLES BARON, former Governor of French possessions in India and now leader of the Free French movement in the Far East, stated in an interview on his return from a tour in the East: "Free French forces are represented by 55,000 men at present in the fighting lines on different fronts, by thirty warships actually in service, by a third of France's merchant marine, and 1,000 airmen. These figures represent our numbers six months ago, and they have most certainly been increased since then. We know that at the present moment an army of 100,000 fighting men is being formed at Brazzaville, French Equatorial Africa."

CHELSEA PENSIONERS, who have already served their country faithfully and well, were among those who registered for fire-watching under the recent Order. These bemedalled old soldiers are once again answering their country's call. *Photo, Fox*

GOERING PILLS

GERMAN airmen are drugged before action to increase their physical resistance and will power. The drug is taken in the form of tablets known as "Goering Pills." These tablets, says the Rome journal "Aquilone," contain a substance which affects the sympathetic system. They were found effective during the Norwegian campaign as a preventive of air sickness, and are also used in the German Navy to combat sea sickness. "Aquilone" goes on to say that the Italians have an even more effective drug, called Simpamina. This new drug was, it is claimed, tried out by the Italian Medical Research Institute before the German product was brought into use.

MORE BALLOONS FOR W.A.A.F.

THE experiment of replacing men operators by W.A.A.F. at a number of balloon sites has proved so successful that it has now been decided to transfer to them as many sites as possible. This will free a large number of airmen for duties which cannot be performed by women. The women so far engaged on this work rapidly mastered the technique of balloon handling, and various improvements which have been made in the construction of the balloons themselves as well as in the methods of handling and bedding down have rendered this work less exacting than it was, though physical strength and endurance are still necessary qualifications. More operators are now wanted to "man" the additional sites and recruits are taken between the ages of 17 and 43. They must, however, be of first-class physique and prepared to work out of doors in all weathers, and at all hours of the day and night.

SYRIA NOW INDEPENDENT

THE independence of Syria and the termination of the French Mandate were proclaimed by the Free French authorities on Sept. 16. Sheik Tajeddine Hassani has been appointed President of the Republic. In a letter to the new President, General Catroux said: "Free France, acting in cooperation with her ally, Great Britain, has spontaneously undertaken to terminate the mandate and grant Syria the status of an independent sovereign state and to guarantee this new status by Treaty." The formal ceremony took place on Sept. 26 in Damascus amid scenes of enthusiasm. Bands played and cheering crowds paraded the streets, whilst a salute of twenty-two guns ushered in the new order. A guard of honour of Syrian militia and mounted Republican guards saluted Gen. Catroux as he rode away.

A WEEK END WITH THE R.A.F.

Attacks of Sept. 20 and 21

Sat. Sept. 20—Biggest Daylight Offensive of the War

Bombers—Norway—fish oil factory. Germany—Emden. France—Hazebrouck, Abbeville, Rouen shipyards, Cherbourg docks. Holland—Convoy (6 ships hit).
Fighters—Escort and continuous sweep, Cherbourg and high up Dutch coast.

Sun. Sept. 21—Non-stop Daylight Raids

Bombers—France—Gosnay power station, Lille railway.
Fighters—Escort and continuous sweep over Occupied France.

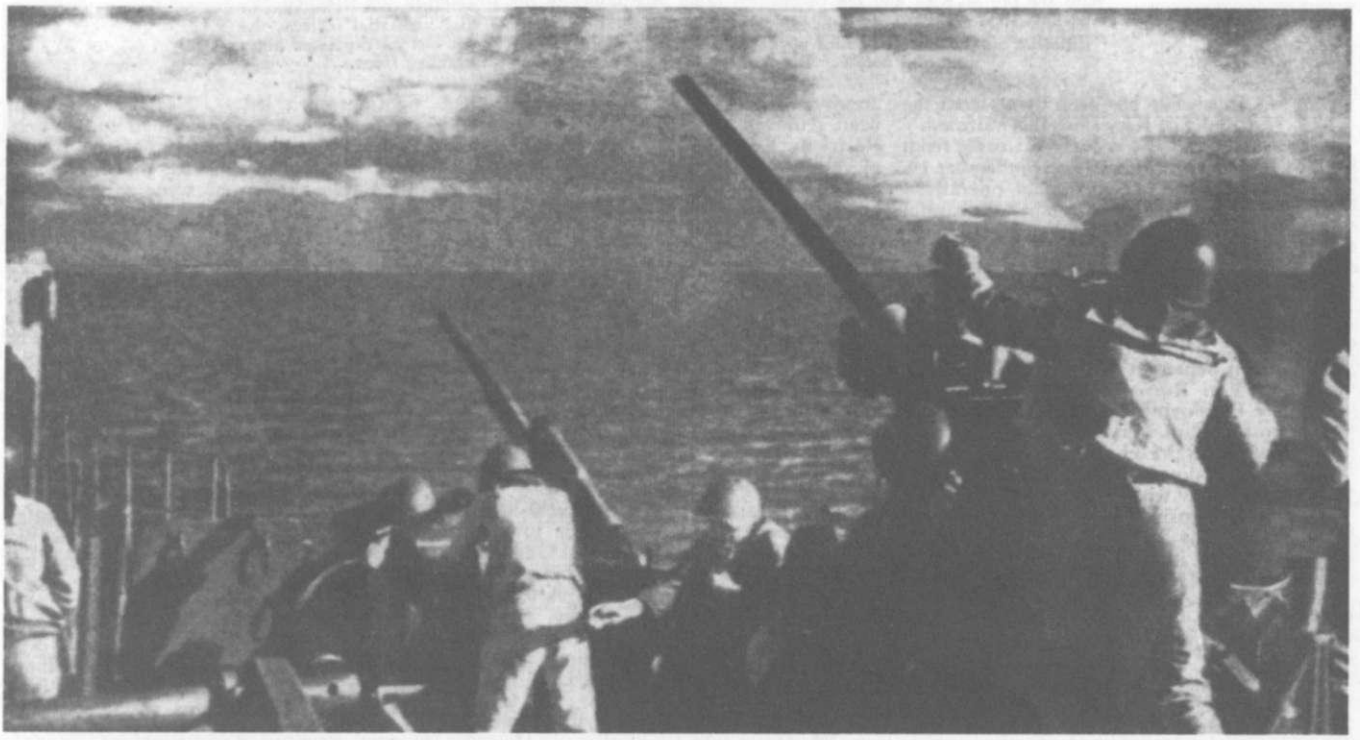
Sat.-Sun. Sept. 20-21—Night Bombing

Targets—Frankfort, Berlin, N.W. Germany, Ostend Docks.

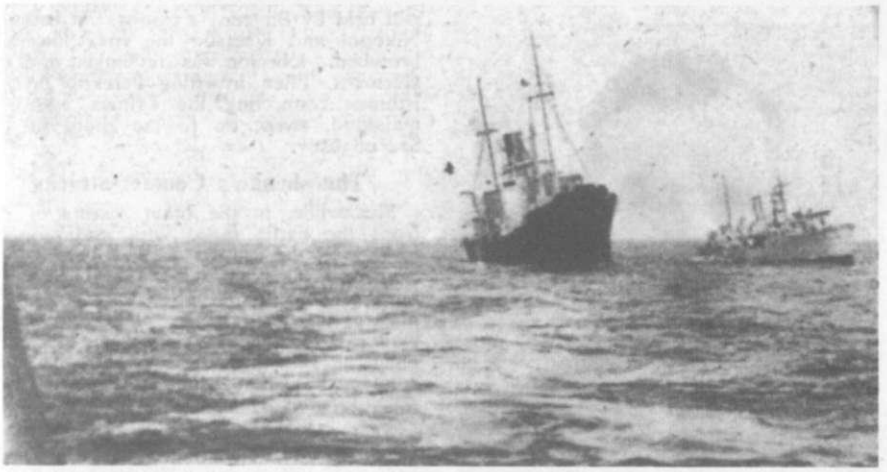
LOSSES

	Sept. 20	Sept. 20-21	Sept. 21	Totals
Enemy	16 MEs	—	24 MEs	40
R.A.F.	7 Fighters	—	13 Fighters	20
	3 Blenheims	4 Bombers	—	7

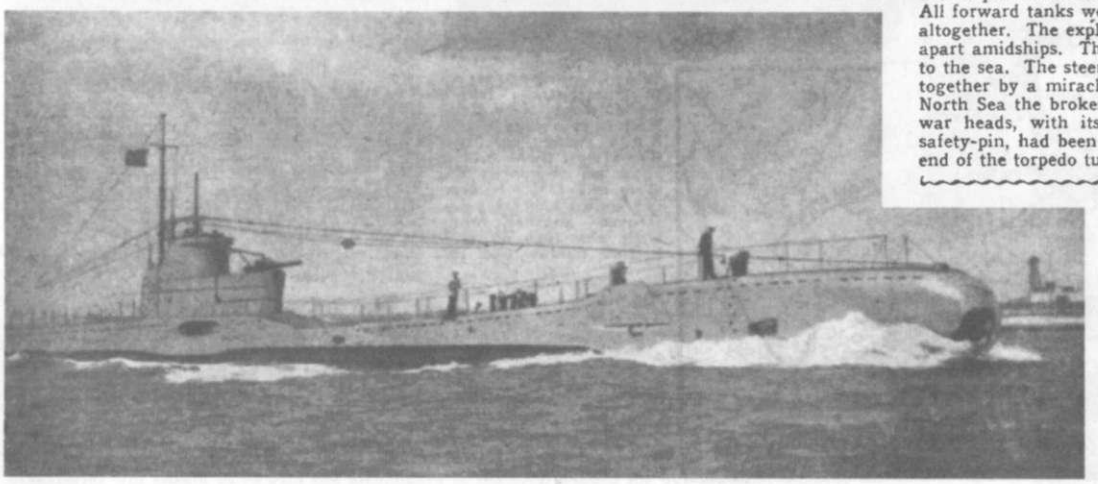
Triumph Is the Word for These Sea Stories



Men of the Soviet Baltic Fleet defending the Leningrad approaches from the sea, in action against the German dive bombers. The Russian navy has done excellent work in the Gulf of Finland, fighting off many Nazi attacks by sea and air.



Intercepted by the British in the Caribbean Sea, the crew of the German ship Hannover (above) set her on fire. The resulting list jammed a sack of grain in a hole through which the water was entering. The fire was subdued and the prize taken to Kingston, Jamaica.



IT happened on the night of December 26, 1939. It was very dark, and the place was the Skagerrak on the German side of the North Sea minefields right inside enemy waters and 300 miles from home. The submarine H.M.S. Triumph was going slow ahead when, lifting over a wave, she came right down on a large mine. There was a shattering explosion. The whole extent of the damage could not be ascertained, but it was certain that the rear ends of the torpedo tubes had all been forced back about six inches, the foremost bulkhead was split right across and had been forced back into the tubes. Eighteen feet of the ship was missing. The Triumph had no bows and she could not dive. She was making water fast and a rating endeavoured to plug the leaks with wooden plugs and felt.

In this crippled state she started for home at about 5 knots. The weather getting worse, speed had to be reduced to 2½ knots for a whole day—a desperately anxious day with German reconnaissance aircraft about. When the weather improved the Triumph made 10 knots.

A DORNIER sighted the submarine just before our aircraft escort arrived, but was driven off in the nick of time. The Triumph limped into the Firth of Forth two nights and one day after hitting the mine. On thorough examination she was found to have sustained much greater damage than anybody on board thought. The bows were a crumpled bulkhead and ends of shattered tubes. All forward tanks were open to the sea or missing altogether. The explosion had torn the submarine apart amidships. The ballast tanks aft were open to the sea. The steering-gear seemed to have held together by a miracle, and all the way across the North Sea the broken pistol of one of the torpedo war heads, with its detonator, but without the safety-pin, had been washing about in the broken end of the torpedo tube.

Left, the submarine Triumph (Commander J. W. McCoy, R.N.) which, after being mined in the Skagerrak and losing 18 feet of her bows, travelled 300 miles across the North Sea and arrived safely in the Firth of Forth. The Triumph has torpedoed five enemy warships, including a U-Boat, and five enemy supply ships.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press, and Wright & Logan

Kiev Falls: The Nazi Drive in the Ukraine

With the fall of Kiev and the consequent rapid penetration of the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov, thus engulfing a still larger part of one of Russia's most vital industrial regions, the situation on the Eastern Front appeared uglier and more dangerous for our hard-pressed allies than ever before. But still the Russians maintained an unbroken front.

"THE Reich flag has been flying from the Citadel of Kiev since this morning." This was the report that came from the Fuehrer's Headquarters on September 19. "In the course of encircling operations announced today the attack against the capital of the Ukraine was begun. After a bold penetration through the strong fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper our troops have penetrated into the town."

What the Germans described as a tremendous battle of encirclement followed the junction on September 13, 125 miles east of Kiev, of Von Runstedt's and Von Bock's armies. Employing masses of men, aided by a host of tanks and armoured cars and hordes of General Lœhr's and Field-Marshal Kesselring's dive-bombers, the Germans surrounded Kiev with a ring of fire and iron. The grand offensive against the city, which had temporarily halted while the German marshals were joining hands, was resumed on September 17. German divisions moving up the east bank of the Dnieper attacked from the north, while others advanced up the western bank from the south. On the night of September 18 German infantry, naked but for their steel helmets and carrying their arms and ammunition, swam across a little river to the south of Kiev and stormed the concrete casemates defending the inner city. For days continuous fighting had raged in the northern suburbs and the southern approaches; piles of German dead and scores of smashed-up tanks and armoured cars (reported the correspondent of "Red Star," the Red Army newspaper) were scattered among the woods, along the roads into the southern suburbs and in the gardens of the cottages. At length a strong ring of fortifications on the west bank of the Dnieper was broken through and (so the German High Command reported on September 20) "after the higher leadership of the Soviet troops had fled, the garrison threw down their arms and ceased further resistance."

When the German troops entered Kiev they found "indescribable devastation," announced Berlin. "All vital supplies had been removed or blown up, the water and electricity works put out of action. The place is strewn with the wreckage of railways and bridges that have been blown up. The population had not the bare necessities of life." For a week, indeed, the city had been without water, and for three days its people had gone hungry. Its buildings were packed with wounded. Yet resistance was of the most bitter description, and the Ogpu divisions left behind by Budenny fought with desperate bravery to the last.

Great Battle of Encirclement

Following Kiev's fall, the Germans concentrated upon the destruction of Marshal Budenny's divisions, which (so the Germans claimed) were encircled to the east of the city. "The armies of General Field-Marshal von Reichenau and the panzer armies of Colonels-General von Kleist and Guderian," stated the German High Command on September 21, "have annihilated large sections of the encircled enemy, and have already taken over 150,000 prisoners and captured 151 tanks, 602 guns, and vast quantities of other war material." In the course of the next few days the German claims mounted apace, until the number of prisoners taken had risen to some 665,000, with 885 tanks and 3,718 guns captured or destroyed. But in spite of these claims Budenny's armies seemed to have plenty of fighting spirit left. Nearly a week later, on September 24, a German spokesman in Berlin, after announcing that the Battle of Kiev was almost finished, that around Kiev there was chaos and some of the Russian corps were in a state of disintegration, went on to state that there was no general disintegration of the Russian forces east of Kiev. "How far they will be able to resist only time will show. Difficulties of supplies for the German forces have considerably increased. Lines of communication have been lengthened by a further 75 miles because of our advance. The Russians have blown up all the bridges and the roads—and these were bad enough before. The farther we advance east, the more difficult it will be for us to get supplies to our armies."

While this battle of encirclement was proceeding, other German forces continued to make progress through the Ukraine in the direction of Kharkov and the Donetz basin. On the same day that they announced the fall of Kiev, the Germans reported with a fanfare of trumpets that they had taken Poltava, about 85 miles south-west of Kharkov. But a week later their armoured units were still no nearer than 33 miles to the great industrial city, so hampered had they been by the forests, swamps, and rough country, and by the determined resistance put up by the Russian regulars and guerillas. To the south the line of the Dneiper between Kremenchug and Zaporozhe seemed to be still held by Budenny's troops, but between Nikopol and Kherson the river line was breached. Kherson was outflanked and the Germans, after investing Perekop on the isthmus connecting the Crimea with the mainland, swept on to the shore of the Sea of Azov.

Timoshenko's Counter-attacks

Meanwhile, in the other sectors of the front the battle raged with undiminished fury. In the centre Marshal Timoshenko continued to make progress in the neighbourhood of Smolensk; for the first time in the present war the Germans were compelled to withdraw from territory—in some places as much as 10 or 15 miles—which they had conquered. Even Berlin admitted that Timoshenko's attacks were "very heavy."

At Leningrad the Germans continued to batter the city's steel-bound defences. Their losses were terrific, but territorially, at least, they had little to show for their immense sacrifices. Hardly anywhere were the Germans within 20 miles of the Nevski Prospekt, but on September 19 a German war correspondent in the front line with the shock troops reported that with field-glasses the men in the most advanced positions could sometimes catch the flash of Leningrad's windows in the sunlight, while factory chimneys, still blithely smoking, despite German bombing and shelling, were visible here and there. Watchers in Finland, looking across Kronstadt Bay, saw the night sky over Leningrad lit up with towering flames, saw the flash of bursting bombs and shells, and the scintillating network of searchlights and "flak" fire.

Then in the far north, in the most northern sector of the 1,500-mile front, the Germans and Austrians were still struggling vainly to capture Murmansk, and so deprive Russia of her sole ice-free port and close one of the very few channels whereby British and American support might reach the Soviet. It was on this front that the R.A.F. wing sent to Russia was reported from Stockholm to be in action.

Wing-Commander H. N. G. Ramsbottom - Isherwood, from New Zealand, in command of the R.A.F. wing on the Russian front. One squadron accounted for three M.E. 109s in its first encounter, and later destroyed another four, with the loss of one British fighter and its pilot. *Photo, Vandyk*

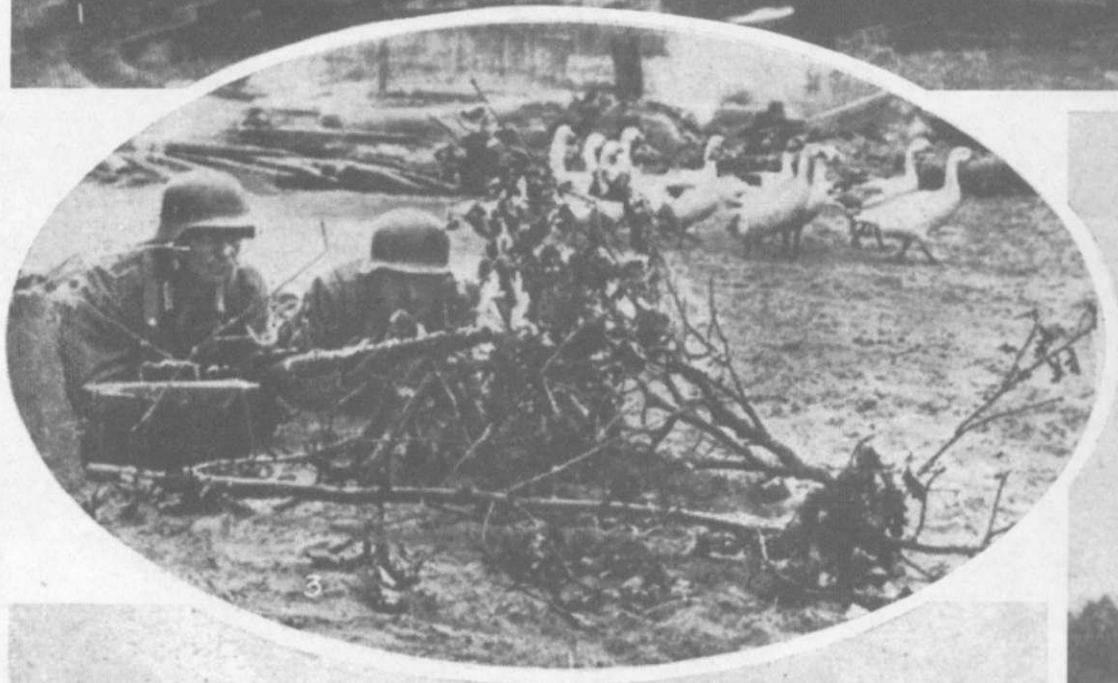
EAST FRONT (left), indicating the conflicting thrusts between Smolensk and the Black Sea up to September 24. *By courtesy of the "News Chronicle"*

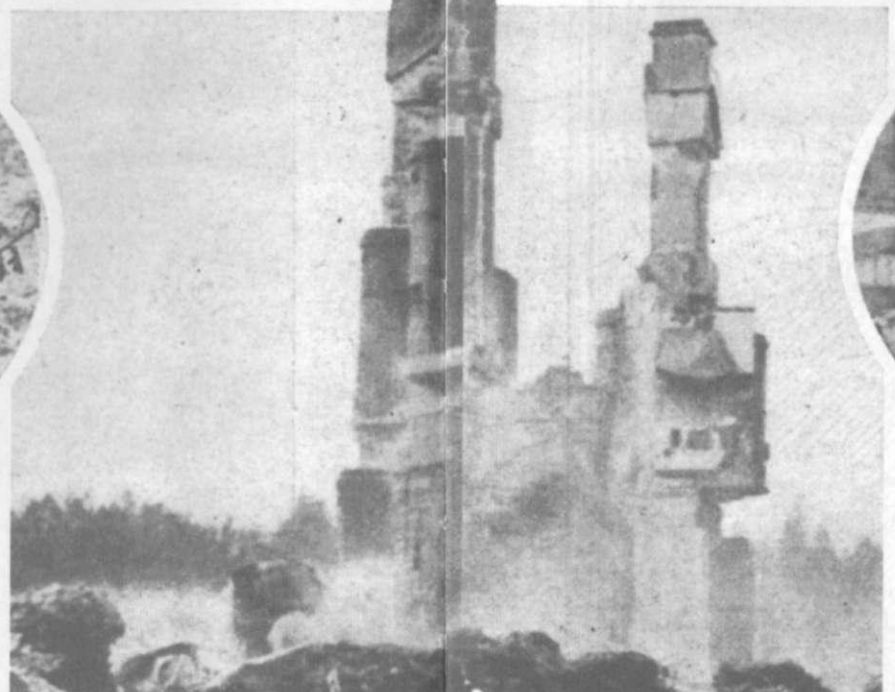
German Guns Captured by Timoshenko's Men

NAZI ARTILLERY, comprising howitzers, light field guns and anti-tank guns, captured by Soviet troops at village "N," being examined by engineers and technical experts of the Red Army. German losses in men and material during the fighting on the Eastern front, which has been on an unprecedented scale, have been enormous. But Hitler is making use of the resources of a conquered Europe, and only unremitting toil in our own factories will enable us to gain the ascendancy in material needed for our ultimate victory.

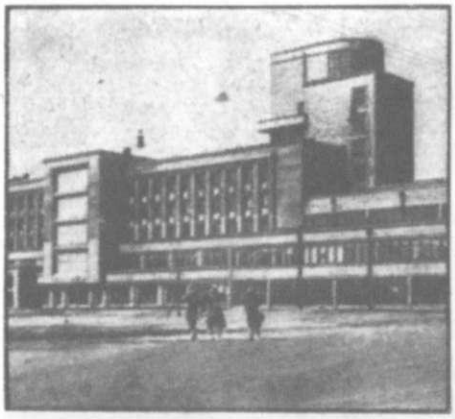
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

With Gun and Tank, Bayonet and Bomb, Hitler's Hordes Grapple with



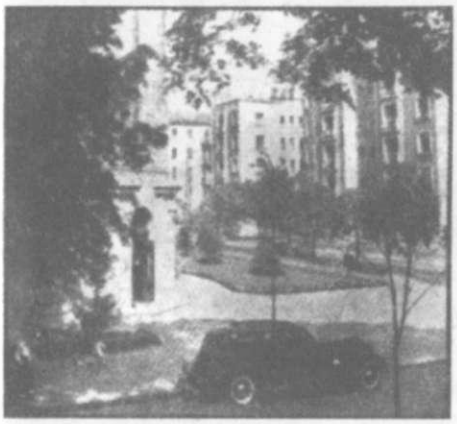


After Three Months: The Battle Line in Russia



LENINGRAD, defended by the armies of Voroshilov. The Kirov House of Culture.

SMOLENSK, taken by the Nazis in August. German motor vehicles in the main street.



KIEV, the loss of which was admitted by Moscow on Sept. 21. A residential quarter.

ODESSA, Black Sea port besieged but unconquered. Steps linking city to seafront.

TERRITORY overrun by the Nazis in twelve weeks' fighting on the Eastern Front. Although, as can be seen, the territorial gains of the German armies are very considerable, the Soviet Red Army still preserves an unbroken line from Finland to the Black Sea, and is still fighting with undiminished ardour. The Nazi gains have been bought at an enormous cost to themselves in both men and material. M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain, speaking on September 23, said that the Germans had lost, "at a moderate estimate," 3,000,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, as well as something like 8,500 planes.

As September drew to a close, Leningrad still held out stubbornly in the face of Von Leeb's powerful attacks; Smolensk had been captured by the Nazis early in August, but now they were losing ground east of the city owing to Timoshenko's counter-attacks. The loss of Kiev was a severe blow to the Soviet, but Budenny's forces were still fighting hard, and Odessa, the Russian Tobruk, was proving a graveyard to thousands of Antonescu's Rumanians.

Map by courtesy of "The Manchester Guardian." Photos, Soviet War News, Associated Press, Topical Press, E.N.A.

Exit Riza Shah: A New Chapter in Persia

Vital to the defence of India and Egypt, vital to the Russian defenders of the Caucasus, Iran (or Persia, as Mr. Churchill prefers to call it) has now, following the abdication of the old Shah, been brought under the control of the Russian and British Allies.

SHAH RIZA KHAN PAHLEVI abdicated on September 16 in favour of his eldest son, the Crown Prince Shah Mohammed Riza, a young man of 22. Failing health was given as the reason, but in fact the old Shah had become altogether *non persona grata* to the Russians and British who had invaded his country on August 25, and who since then had been waiting in vain for the Nazi

NEW SHAH OF IRAN, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, who acceded to the throne when his father abdicated on September 16, 1941.
Photo, Associated Press

intriguers to be handed over or expelled. It was only too obvious that the Nazis were being sheltered and shielded by the Court. Every difficulty was put in the way of their extradition, and some of the most "wanted" were allowed to escape over the frontier into Turkey. Nor were the Axis legations in Teheran liquidated; rather they were permitted to continue in their hostile activities. So at length, and not too soon, the Allies' patience was exhausted. From Moscow there came complaints of "insincerity" and "unforgivable slowness" in fulfilling the terms of the armistice concluded on September 9, and in effect the Shah was told that his unfriendly and unreasonable attitude could be no longer tolerated. He made his choice, and stepped down from the throne.

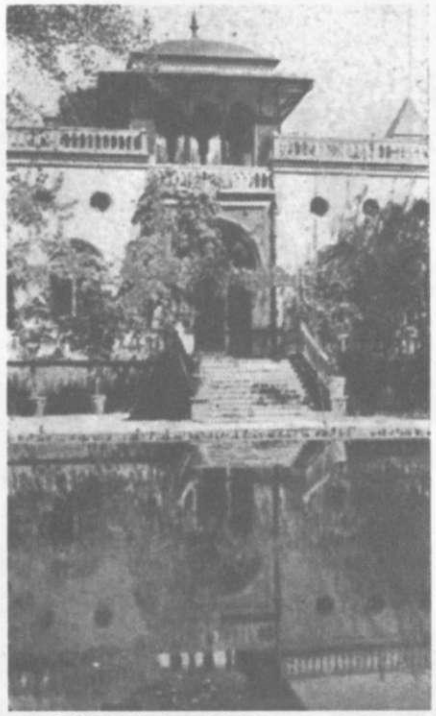
So fell one of the world's most picturesque rulers and, let it be admitted, one of the most capable in the whole of Asia. It is now the fashion to decry Riza Shah's achievements, but history will record that in his earlier years at least he worked wonders in a country which for centuries has been a political and social quagmire.

Born about 67 years ago, Pahlevi was the son of humble parents, and after the briefest schooling and a spell as a shepherd boy he enlisted in the Cossack division of the Persian Army. For 20 years he was a trooper before he rose to become an officer. In 1920 his abilities were recognized by two British officers, Colonel Smythe and General Sir Edmund (now Lord) Ironside, and he was appointed to the command of the Cossack division which was then operating in conjunction with British forces against the Bolsheviks. That was his first step on the road to fame and supreme power. In 1921 he executed a *coup d'état* and seized Teheran. Two years later he was Prime Minister, and in 1925 he supplanted the old Shah, Sultan Ahmed, who preferred to spend most of his time at Deauville and Biarritz, dallying with his dancing girls. In 1926 the one-time trooper was crowned Shah.

For years he ruled as an enlightened despot. He built roads and bridges, constructed irrigation works, encouraged agriculture, established schools, some of them on co-educational lines. He introduced new legal codes, thus striking at the power of the religious courts conducted by the mullahs, did much to emancipate women. Unlike his Turkish exemplar, he did not feel strong enough to prohibit the veil, but he did everything in his power to discourage its use.

He set up factories in which he was the principal shareholder; he did much to encourage the tourist trade, and the hotels which he built on the Caspian shore were his own property. In Teheran he constructed a magnificent railway station which cost, so it is said, £30,000,000; at first there were no trains and not even rails. "Teheran," reported John Gunther, "became a mixture of primitiveness and sophistication. Splendid boulevards and dial telephones—but no sewage system. Between street and pavement are ditches filled with dogs, cats and drinking water." The construction of a splendid bourse was begun, although the building was never finished. A magnificent opera house was completed, but Iran still has no opera, just as it has no stockbrokers.

But it must be admitted that the Shah could have done few or none of these things but for the royalties paid him by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of which the largest shareholder is the British Government. These made him independent of the Iranian *Majlis* or National Assembly, enabled him to defy the Moslem mullahs and the feudal chieftains. Still more, they provided him with the funds with which he paid his troops and officials. Out of a rabble he produced a conscript army of respectable appearance and conduct, with which he was able to put down brigandage and overawe recalcitrant tribesmen. The oil royalties represent more than half the country's national income,



IN TEHERAN the British Legation is housed in this charming building. It contains a well with the only good drinking water in Teheran, which the whole town is said to use.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"

ALLIES IN IRAN: a representative of the Soviet forces in Iran chatting with British officers. This photograph was wired direct from Moscow to London.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

but the balance had to be wrung from a people living in the most squalid poverty. His great public works were only carried out by forced labour at very low wages, and parts of the country were depopulated as the peasants fled to avoid his press gangs. Then many of the necessities of life—sugar, tea and salt, as well as foreign trade, transport, petroleum and tourism—were made state monopolies, sold to the highest bidder.

A great man in his heyday was Riza Shah Pahlevi; so great indeed that on one occasion, in 1932, he challenged the great oil company and its British Government backers. Not only did he reduce the area of its concession by half, but he demanded that instead of receiving as heretofore a share of the net profits he should be paid a specific rate per ton of oil, with the proviso that the sum paid should never fall below £750,000 per annum. After six months of haggling and angry protests his demands were conceded; in 1937 and again in 1938 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company paid the Persian Government over £3,000,000.

But as Pahlevi grew old he revealed ever more plainly the well-known vices of the solitary autocrat. He was a one-man tyrant, intolerant of opposition, determined to have his own way in everything. Moreover, his avarice became insatiable. In particular he indulged in a passion for land-grabbing—a passion which may be traced back, perhaps, to his peasant ancestry.

Now, however, all that is gone. Most of his wealth has been restored to the Persian State, and he himself is an exile.

Our Diary of the War

TUESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1941 *745th day*

Air.—Seven enemy fighters destroyed during R.A.F. sweeps over northern France. Two British fighters missing. Night attack on Karlsruhe and objectives in W. Germany as well as on the docks at Le Havre.

Russian Front.—Russians reported gains in local actions near Leningrad. Germans claimed defeat of large Russian forces south of Lake Ilmen. Von Rundstedt launched powerful new offensive in Ukraine.

Africa.—39 killed and 93 injured in enemy air raid on Cairo area. Harbours and shipping at Tripoli and Benghazi attacked during night. Stores at Bardia bombed.

Iran.—The Shah abdicated, being succeeded by his son, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi.

Home.—Few bombs from night raiders at points in eastern England. One enemy bomber destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17 *746th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. Submarine P.32.

Air.—Strong R.A.F. forces attacked power plant at Mazingarbe, near Bethune. 12 enemy fighters destroyed in offensive sweeps. For the second night in succession Karlsruhe raided. Night attack on St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Germans renewed assault on Leningrad with waves of dive bombers. Marshal Timoshenko still counter-attacking north-east of Smolensk.

Africa.—In Abyssinia, R.A.F. bombers attacked enemy positions north-east of Azozo.

Mediterranean.—Munition factories at Licata, Sicily, raided in daylight by bombers of the R.A.F.

Home.—Bombs on south-east coast towns caused a few casualties.

General.—Three Swedish destroyers were blown up near the island of Naersgarn.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 18 *747th day*

Sea.—Submarines of Mediterranean Fleet attacked an Italian convoy, destroying two liners of over 20,000 tons each and probably damaging a third.

Air.—Enemy supply ship damaged and two A.A. ships sunk off Belgian coast. Power station near Rouen bombed. In an offensive sweep over northern France, 17 enemy aircraft were destroyed. British losses, two bombers and nine fighters. At night the docks of Le Havre were attacked.

Russian Front.—Pressure on Leningrad relieved by counter-attacks. Crimea reported cut off from the mainland.

Iran.—Russian troops entered Teheran. British troops encamped on the outskirts.

U.S.A.—President Roosevelt asked Congress for an additional £1,500,000,000 for Lease and Lend supplies.

Home.—The King and Queen inspected the Third Canadian Division. Night raiders dropped bombs at a few points in South Wales and East Anglia.

General.—New Japanese offensive in Hunan.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19 *748th day*

Sea.—Netherlands Admiralty announced that a Dutch submarine had sunk two Italian supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Air.—Night attacks included a heavy raid on the Baltic port of Stettin and objectives near Nantes, in France.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed the capture of Kiev and announced that the armies of Rundstedt and Bock had joined forces beyond that city. Germans claimed to have reached Poltava, 85 miles from Kharkov.

Iran.—A British column occupied the inner suburbs of Teheran. Other British troops occupied the Skoda machine-gun factory east of the city.

Home.—Bombs dropped in the Thames Estuary area during a daylight raid.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20 *749th day*

Sea.—At night unsuccessful attacks on North Sea convoys were made by enemy E-boats, two of which were severely damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked enemy convoys off the Dutch coast setting several ships on fire. Air attacks were also made on objectives in Norway, N.-W. Germany and occupied France. The railway junction at Hazebrouck, shipyards near Rouen, the docks at Cherbourg and the railway centre at Abbeville were bombed. Objectives at Emden and a fish-oil factory at Floro, in Norway, were also attacked. 16 enemy fighters were shot down. British losses, seven fighters and three bombers. Night attacks on Frankfurt, Berlin and N.-W. Germany as well as the docks at Ostend.

Russian Front.—Fighting continued along the whole front and was especially fierce around Kiev. Germans claimed the capture of islands of Vorms and Moon in the Baltic.

Africa.—Merchant ship bombed and sunk by R.A.F. off Kerkenah, and enemy destroyer successfully attacked off Tripoli. Benghazi raided on night of Sept. 20-21.

Home.—700 interned Fascists rioted at Peel, Isle of Man, internment camp. A few bombs were dropped by night raiders at points in south and eastern England. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21 *750th day*

Air.—24 enemy fighters shot down in two big sweeps by R.A.F. over northern France. Blenheims attacked power station at Gosnay, near Bethune, and Hampdens railway objectives at Lille. British losses, 13 fighters.

Russian Front.—Russians admitted evacuation of Kiev. Germans claim capture of Baltic island of Oesel. Moscow claimed an advance by Marshal Timoshenko's armies of 13 miles in the Smolensk area. Germans claimed also to have reached Sea of Azov.

Home.—South-east coast town bombed.

MONDAY, SEPT. 22 *751st day*

Air.—5,000-ton German supply ship hit by a Beaufort aircraft off Norway. Night attack on the docks at Boulogne.

Russian Front.—Soviet forces encircled east of Kiev still put up vigorous resistance. Timoshenko's armies continued their advance in the Smolensk area. Pressure on Leningrad relieved by Russian counter-attacks from the Valdai Hills. Moscow announced arrival of British and American missions.

Africa.—Harbour at Benghazi and objectives at Tripoli bombed on night of Sept. 22-23.

Home.—King George of Greece arrived in London. "Tanks for Russia" week began.

General.—Lord Linlithgow's term of office as Viceroy of India extended to April 1943.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 23 *752nd day*

Russian Front.—Nazis pushed back seven miles by Soviet counter-attacks in the Leningrad sector. German 3rd Mountain Infantry Division routed near Murmansk.

Middle East.—Announced from Cairo that Gen. Wavell had returned to India after a conference with Gen. Auchinleck somewhere in the Middle East.

Iran.—The Iranian government decided to recall its diplomatic representatives in Germany, Italy and Rumania.

Africa.—In Abyssinia enemy positions near Gondar bombed by R.A.F.

Home.—Night raiders dropped a few bombs in South Wales and south-west England. Mr. Churchill appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in succession to the late Marquess of Willingdon. Gen. de Gaulle announced Free French National Committtee.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24 *753rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced torpedoing of an Italian minelayer, a transport and two supply ships in the Mediterranean.

Russian Front.—Germans claimed capture of Peterhov, 18 miles west of Leningrad. Budenny counter-attacked at Kherson, on the Dnieper. Officially announced that one R.A.F. squadron in Russia had shot down 7 Nazi planes for the loss of one fighter.

Mediterranean.—Announcement of successful attacks on merchant shipping by Fleet Air Arm and bombers of R.A.F.

Home.—Day raider bombed Scottish east coast village. Few night bombs on south-east coast. Allied Council, at St. James's Palace, endorsed the Atlantic Charter.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25 *754th day*

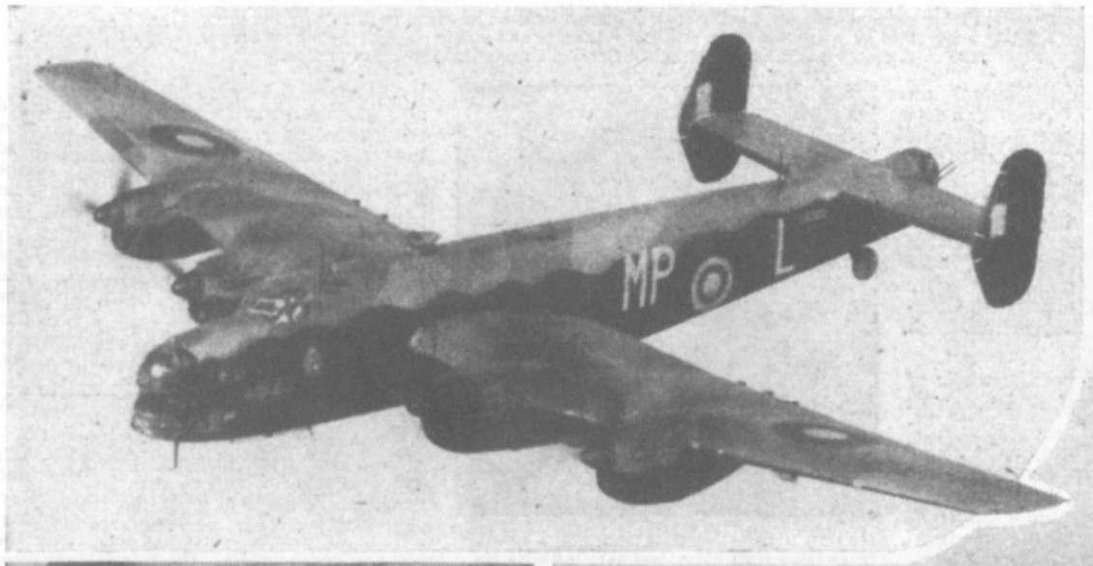
Russian Front.—Leningrad attacked by waves of Stukas and heavy bombers. Rundstedt's southern forces began new advance from Genichesk along the coast of the Sea of Azov.

Home.—Few night bombs on east coast.

General.—Berlin admits seriousness of big guerilla risings in Serbia.

M. MAISKY, Soviet Ambassador in London, addresses workers after taking delivery of the first tank made in the Tanks for Russia Week which started on Sept. 22 and resulted in 20 per cent increase over the previous "best."
Photo, G.P.U.

New Halifaxes and Hurricanes Take the Air



HALIFAX, the formidable new Handley Page bomber in use with the R.A.F. It has a span of 99 ft., a length of 70 ft., and is 22 ft. high. Fitted with four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, it is a mid wing monoplane with twin fins and rudders, the tail gun-turret projecting well beyond the tail assembly.

Members of the ground staff at an R.A.F. station loading up the ammunition container of one of the new Spitfire cannon-guns.

AERIAL supremacy over the Nazis, numerical and technical—such is the order of the day and night. In technique, Britain has always led the way, and recent developments are very gratifying.

The Halifax, one of the largest and most formidable new machines under Bomber Command, is doing splendid service. It is an all-metal midwing monoplane with four Rolls-Royce Merlin 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engines. The fuselage is rectangular, and the bomb-aimer's position is placed under the forward turret. It carries four machine-guns in the rear turret and two in the front turret.

The Hurricane II introduces many new features to the earlier model. Fitted with a new Rolls Merlin engine, with two-speed supercharger, it extends the fighting ability in three directions, performances at height, fire-power and effective range. The machine has a better rate of climb at altitude and a greater top speed. Some Hurricane IIs carry 12 machine-guns, others four 20-mm. cannon.

HURRICANE IIs in formation. These machines are carrying four 20-mm. cannon. On the left a Hurricane II, showing the port-holes for its 12 machine-guns.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Associated Press

Norway's Great Stand Against the Oppressor

Eighteen months have passed since the Nazis invaded Norway, and each successive month has increased their unpopularity, until today they are hated with an intensity such as only the most bitter tyranny could have aroused in an essentially tolerant and kindly people. Below we review the chief events which have marked the German occupation of Norway to date.

WHEN the Nazis invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, one of their first acts was to set up a puppet government under Major Vidkun Quisling, leader of the small Norwegian Fascist Party, the *Nasjonal Samling*. Six days later, however, Quisling was replaced by an Administrative Council headed by Herr Christensen, Chairman of Oslo Municipal Council. Then on April 27 Hitler issued a decree appointing Herr Terboven, Gauleiter of Essen, as Reich Commissioner of the German-occupied territories in Norway.

Following the occupation of the whole of Norway by the Nazi invaders, there were further changes. In September a new Administrative Council was formed by Christensen to act as a link between the Norwegian authorities and the occupying power, and on September 25 Terboven set up a *Statsrad* (State Council), nearly all of whose members were drawn from Quisling's party. A few hours before its establishment all the Norwegian political parties, save the Nasjonal Samling, were closed down, and in a few weeks the same fate had befallen most Norwegian organizations, even Masonic Lodges and Rotary Clubs. The Norwegian Trade Union Council anticipated compulsory dissolution by closing down all its organs and destroying its membership lists and documents. Then on September 28 Terboven in another pronouncement proclaimed the abolition of the Norwegian *Storting* (parliament) and monarchy, the deposition of King Haakon, and the nomination of Quisling as sole political leader in Norway. It was decreed that all portraits of King Haakon and members of the Royal Family should be burnt, and that the word "royal" should be deleted from street names and so on. On October 4 there came yet another proclamation decreeing that parliament would be replaced by a *Ringsting*, whose members would be appointed on the corporative principle.

These measures induced grave unrest throughout the country—so grave that at the beginning of November 1940 "Extraordinary People's Tribunals" were set up to enforce them and to punish loyalty to the Norwegian king and constitution. But the discontent throve on suppression. Everywhere loyalists flaunted badges bearing the portrait of King Haakon. There were frequent clashes in the streets between loyalists and Quisling's brownshirts or *Hirdmen*. Sabotage was widespread. Newspapers were so outspoken in their criticism of the regime that numbers of journalists were arrested, many papers were suppressed and others suspended for publishing disrespectful remarks of Quisling and his gang. Even in the schools anti-Quisling demonstrations were the order of the day, so that the Government threatened to close the high schools and severely punish the teachers who failed to keep their classes in order. Children who refused to give the Nazi salute or to attend the Hitler Youth Exhibition in Oslo were beaten up by Hirdmen in the streets. Undaunted, a crowd of Norwegian youths and girls paraded in front of the Royal Palace and sang the Norwegian National Anthem, while others shouted "Long live King Haakon! Down with Quisling!" before the latter's headquarters.

MAJOR VIDKUN QUISLING, leader of the Norwegian Nazi Party, was born in 1887. He was for twelve years an officer of the Norwegian General Staff, and from 1931 to 1933 was Minister of Defence. *Photo, Keystone*

Meanwhile the economic condition of the country was growing steadily worse as the Nazis laid their hands on all the foodstuffs that happened to be immediately surplus. Huge quantities of fish, eggs, pork and potatoes were appropriated and dispatched to the Reich, with the result that food rationing of the civilian population became ever more drastic. German soldiers of the army of occupation were reported to be going on leave with their rucksacks filled with the good things which the people at home had gone without for so long.

Things had reached such a state that last spring Himmler himself arrived in Norway, and after a tour of the country helped in the establishment of a secret police on the lines of the Gestapo. But still the agitation went on. There was another wave of arrests, and the gaols, supplemented by concentration camps, were filled to overflowing.

Then the Church entered the struggle. On February 9 the Norwegian bishops issued a pastoral letter denouncing the Quisling government's interference with church matters and severely criticizing the violent activities of the Hirdmen. In particular, they protested against an order of December 13, which gave the police the right to require a priest to break his oath of secrecy in matters of the confessional, or run the risk of imprisonment if he refused. When the pastoral letter was read from a number of pulpits and widely distributed, Quisling ordered the police and Hirdmen to attend Divine Worship and report any priests and pastors who read the letter, or offered prayers for the Norwegian Royal Family. Already the Quisling government had attacked the Norwegian judiciary, with the result that in December all the justices of the Supreme Court resigned and were replaced by quislings.

On August 2 Terboven proclaimed a state of civil emergency throughout Norway, and followed this up with more measures of repression, including in particular the confiscation of all wireless receiving sets along the west and south coasts; the Norwegians were showing too keen an interest in broadcasts from London. In Oslo the wireless sets were due to be given up on September 8; that same afternoon the R.A.F. heavily bombed shipping in Oslo Fjord, and the appearance of the British planes above the city acted as a signal for a patriotic demonstration of the most openly enthusiastic description. The same day work was stopped in the big factories, ostensibly because heavy workers did not get their milk ration; it was true enough that the milk rations were short, since 10,000 gallons of Norwegian milk are being sent daily to Finland alone for the German troops, while further large quantities are being condensed for the use of the German forces elsewhere. Soon in the engineering industry the strike was general, 54 works being brought to a standstill.

Quisling informed the German authorities that these demonstrations were the prelude to a general strike. This was not the case, as the Germans well knew, but they seized upon an opportunity for crushing the workers' organizations, just as a year before they had suppressed the political parties. On September 9 Terboven imposed martial law on Oslo and its industrial suburbs. The Gestapo promptly occupied the offices of the Trade Union Federation, and all members of the executive as well as many local officials were arrested. A few hours later shots rang out; Viggo Hansteen, president of the Trades Union Federation, and Rolf Wickstrom had to pay with their lives for having refused to yield to Terboven and the Gestapo. Many other Trade Unionists, engineering shop stewards and dockers were sentenced to hard labour for ten and fifteen years, and in some cases for life.

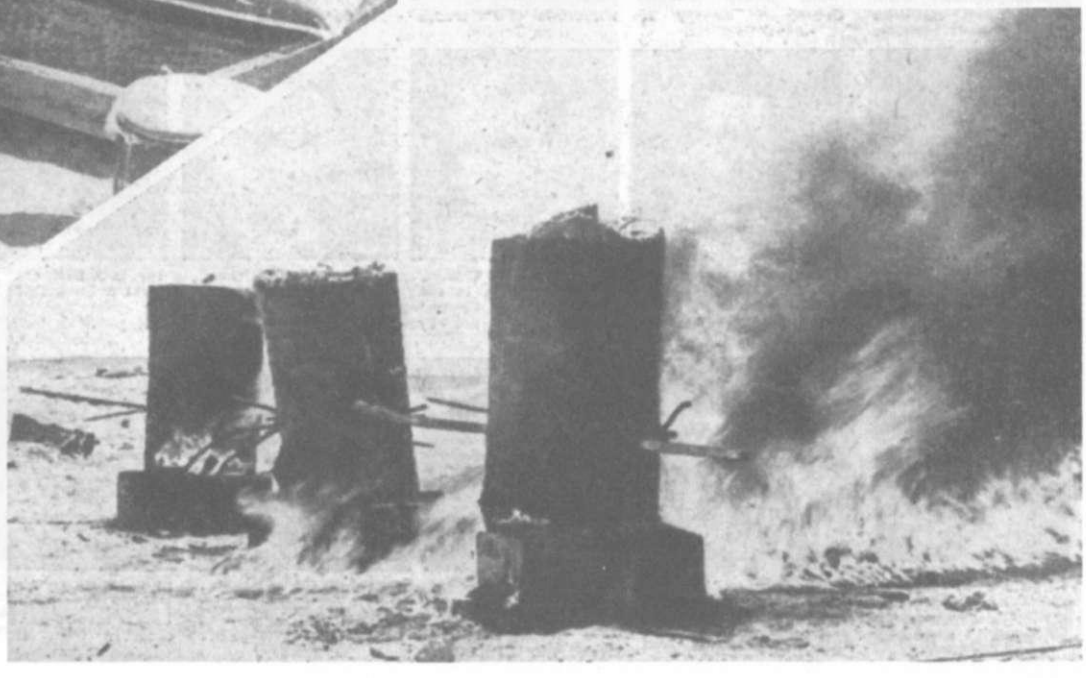
But even these atrocities have proved insufficient to crush the spirit of the Norwegian workers and of the Norwegian people as a whole. Never were King Haakon and Crown Prince Olaf more popular than now, when they are exiles in London. The British planes—"angels" as they are called—as they fly over Norway's towns and coasts are greeted with friendly waves and cheers. While, as for Quisling, he is reported to be tormented by insomnia, and an overdose of his sleeping draught has brought him to the brink of the grave.

NORWEGIAN SYMPATHIZERS at the funeral of a British airman on a small island named Austevoll, near Bergen. This lonely island was chosen for the funeral by the Nazis to avoid demonstrations of pro-British feeling, but over a thousand Norwegian fishermen and peasants journeyed from even quite distant villages to be present. *Photo, Associated Press*

Who *Wouldn't* Hurt a Fly in North Africa?

AN ANTI-FLY SQUAD leaving its headquarters with traps. These are baited with fresh meat, left for four days, and then collected for the catch to be destroyed.

SETTING THE TRAPS in which over a million flies have been caught in six weeks. The Anti-Fly Squad is an essential part of Western Desert Hygiene Section.



BURNING TROUGHS full of flies (right). When the traps are full the flies are sprayed with chemicals and then cremated. Above, a member of the Anti-Fly Squad emptying the traps into a trough.

The insect plague is not the least of the dangers and nuisances to which our men in North Africa are exposed. Thanks, however, to skilful organization, the breeding circles are broken up. An important order is that all refuse must be burnt in the camps and not buried, as research has proved that a fly can work its way through 8 ft. of sand.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

The White Cross of St. Giles

Mr. A. M. Nabarro, Portsmouth A.F.S., **G.M.,** for rescuing two persons trapped in blazing wreckage, and controlling fires.

Mr. L. Stephens, Plymouth A.F.S. messenger, **B.E.M.,** for carrying on with his duty although injured by bomb-blast.

Stn. Offr. R. A. Pullinger, G.M., for helping to save patients from a hospital which was set on fire by a bomb.

Stn. Offr. G. E. Switzer, Silver Medal of National Horse Assen. for bravery in saving 39 horses during a London raid.

National Horse Association of Great Britain

Miss M. F. Weston, White Cross of St. Giles, for saving over 500 animals from buildings destroyed by bombs.

Miss M. I. Stepnall, Matron, Royal Eye Hospital, London, **M.B.E.,** for rescuing patients and fighting fires.

Warden Janet Evans, of Plymouth, **B.E.M.,** for courage and devotion to duty during several raids.

Mrs. H. Broadberry, of Winkbourn, **B.E.M.,** for helping to rescue three Polish airmen from a crashed and burning plane.

Miss E. Kitson, M.B.E., for her work at the British Embassy in Norway during Nazi invasion.

Miss M. Monk, Rotherhithe Girl Guides, the **Bronze Cross,** for rescuing children from blazing shelter.

Stn. Insp. Ronald Noble, G.M., for rescuing a woman from a bomb-wrecked block of flats.

Sergt. G. Deacon, G.M., for gallant and devoted work in tending a man trapped in wreckage.

P.C. Eakers, of Plymouth, **B.E.M.,** for rescuing six persons from demolished property.

Det. Con. F. S. Stanley, of Plymouth, **O.B.E.,** for rescuing several persons and tending the injured.

P.C. T. A. O'Connor, B.E.M., for heroism in helping to release people trapped in debris.

Insp. John Lindsey, B.E.M., for rescue operations when Plymouth City Hospital was hit.

Telegraphist J. Stephenson, formerly A.R.P. Warden, Holborn, **G.M.,** for rescuing casualties from bombed building.

Sea Cadet H. Thomson, St. Clement Dane's Unit, **Navy League Cross,** for bravery in preventing fires.

Cdr. H. W. Biggs, R.N., **Bar to D.S.O.,** for distinguished services in the withdrawal of our troops from Greece.

Lieut. J. R. Phillimore, D.S.C., for courage and skill in the course of operations off the Libyan coast.

Chief Offr. H. Thompson, M.B.E., for bravery and navigational resource after his ship had been torpedoed.

Lieut.-Cdr. G. A. Thring, D.S.O., for bravery and skill in bringing a convoy through two U-boat attacks and a storm.

Mr. G. Davis, G.M., for turning off gas from flaming main near an unexploded bomb, during a London raid.

Mr. N. Potts, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., also awarded the **G.M.,** for bravery in the same incident.

Mr. J. F. Knape, O.B.E., for gallant work in the Plymouth A.R.P. Control Room, set on fire by bombs.

Mr. J. W. Coulthard, Liverpool A.R.P. messenger, **G.M.,** for great bravery in a bomb-wrecked blazing building.

Mr. L. J. Bell, of the Gas Light & Coke Co., **G.M.,** for controlling gas amid falling high explosives and incendiaries.

Mr. E. F. Bradley, who was also awarded the **G.M.,** for splendid resource in the same courageous exploit.

Wing-Cdr. G. T. Jarman, D.F.C., awarded the **D.S.O.,** for attacks on Gneisenau, Scharnhorst and Prinz Eugen.

Sgt. Air-Gunner Billington, D.F.M., for putting out fire in his plane by using his parachute regardless of his own life.

Squad.-Ldr D. R. Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C., the famous legless pilot, now a prisoner of war, awarded **Bar to D.F.C.**

Flt.-Lieut. H. P. Blatchford, D.F.C., for helping to destroy eight and damage five Nazi planes in one day.

Flying-Offr. D. V. Cotes-Preedy, G.M., for saving lives of his air-gunner and observer from crashed plane.

Wing-Cdr. J. W. Gillan, D.F.C., A.F.C., **Bar to D.F.C.,** for showing inspiring leadership and determination.

I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

What Caught My Eye in Besieged Odessa

Since the beginning of August, Odessa, the great Russian port on the Black Sea, has been fiercely attacked by the Rumanians and their German masters. This account of life in the beleaguered city is from the pen of E. Vilenski, a Russian war correspondent.

ODESSA is encircled from the land side. The roads leading from the city are cut short at the front line which surrounds the approaches to the town. Odessa can only be reached by sea, and although the vessels may be hindered they cannot be stopped.

Odessa was the city of gaiety, the beautiful seaside town inhabited by happy, sunny southerners, where people from all parts of the country came to rest, where the parks were masses of flowers and where music could be heard everywhere.

The first sound I heard on approaching the town was the boom of guns. These belonged to a warship guarding the sea approaches, and they fired to the right at regular intervals. Our boat slid into port to the same accompaniment of artillery.

Odessa has become a different town. It is a besieged city, fighting for its liberty and its very life. And it stands with clenched fists, grim and determined. You see pass by groups of working men and women—especially women. Most of them have remained in their native city, while most of the men have gone into the firing line. Old people and children have been evacuated, despite the enemy's attempts to prevent their evacuation.

It is early, and I can see the people out on the streets carrying spades, picks, sandbags. The streets are narrow, for cobble stones and pavement stones have been torn up to build barricades, and only a narrow strip is left for motor traffic.

There is one man in Odessa whom everyone knows: Arkady Khrenov, one of the Soviet Union's best military engineers and one of those responsible for the destruction of the Mannerheim Line during the Finnish campaign. He is in charge of Odessa's fortifications. Under his direction the inhabitants have surrounded their city with several belts of fortifications, anti-tank obstacles and trenches.

You should see them work; old men and women, youngsters, women of every kind, carrying stones to the barricades. Their unremitting efforts have converted Odessa into an immensely strong fortress. Everything has been done to lessen the danger to the defenders. Gun turrets are cunningly concealed and the men's firing positions covered against shrapnel.

Fighting side by side with the Red Army are Odessa's People's Volunteers and the Red Navy. These Red Navy men are the object of Odessa's particular affection. You can see them in the firing line in their navy blue, with heavy cartridge belts across their chests and with a big supply of grenades.

Everyone in the city is taking part in its defence. The factories are producing all that is required at the front, and the collective farms bring in a constant supply of vegetables, fruits and other produce.

The people of Odessa never had the occasion to build tanks, but now its engineers are producing a number of armoured vehicles, which, while not conforming to standard designs, have nevertheless caused great damage to the Rumanians attacking the city. Hundreds of thousands of mines have been made in the town's workshops; some of them unconventionally encased in wooden boxes, large tins and even film containers.

Enemy tanks and armoured cars are encountering diverse and cleverly contrived obstacles—there are at least a million of them in the approaches of the city. Never had the Odessaites contemplated doing so much intensive digging and shovelling. Spades and picks were produced in a few days at fabulous speed. The city has organized its defence in such a way as to rely as little as possible on other towns. Odessa scientists are producing high explosives, and Odessa technicians are designing new types of arms.

The city and the front have merged into one—there is no dividing line. Workers' detachments are training in the streets. They learn to handle arms, dig trenches and camouflage. Their womenfolk see them off to the outskirts of the town where the gunfire is clearly heard. They bring their men bundles of food and then return to the city to resume work.

Odessa engineers are also repairing the tanks brought in from the front, and every factory has a group of tanks attached to it for repairs. Brigades of workers have their own tanks to look after. The electric power supply, the shops, and the telegraph and telephone services work without interruption. It is true that in the telegraph office I saw a notice: "Prompt delivery is not guaranteed," but still telegrams are being accepted. As a journalist I was particularly pleased to see that three daily papers still appear in Odessa, and the Moscow papers arrive with only two days' delay.—*Soviet War News.*

ODESSA, beautiful seaside town as well as great port, was once a city of gaiety. Today, besieged by the Germans and Rumanians, it shows a different face, and its streets are lined with great stone barricades and strong points. How every citizen of this great Russian port is contributing to its defence is told above. *Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright*

We Did a Tour of Europe as Vichy Prisoners

A British officer who spent two months as a prisoner of war, and during that time travelled through nine different countries, broadcast the following remarkable story of the bravery and spirit of people condemned to live in German-occupied countries.

DURING the fighting in Syria a few of my regiment ran out of ammunition and we were taken prisoner by the Vichy French, who sent us in batches by air to Greece. In Salonika, where we had to live like animals, we met Vichy reinforcements on their way to Syria, and these soldiers greeted us with great friendliness, one of them saying: "We're still friends; it's the Boche who is our enemy."

Then, after we had heard the good news of the end of hostilities in Syria, we were taken overland to France. We travelled by train, the twelve most senior officers in a second-class carriage, and were reasonably comfortable; but the remainder of the British and Indian officers and the N.C.O.s had third-class accommodation, which was far from good, especially over so long a journey. All the time our hopes and fears were struggling with each other, and many were the theories advanced in favour of one or the other. Sometimes we wondered whether we would ever be released; sometimes we were afraid the French might hand us over to the Hun; the most optimistic hoped that we should be sent straight back to England.

We travelled north through Yugoslavia, passing through Bulgaria and Hungary, and then south-westward through Austria and Germany into France. On the third day of our journey, while we were still in Yugoslavia, we saw some British prisoners-of-war. We had previously heard that they had been put to work on a new *autobahn* being constructed from Austria into Yugoslavia. At first we were only able to wave to them, and sometimes throw them cigarettes if they were close enough; but in the evening the train, for no apparent reason, stopped very near to a large party of them. They were very pleased to see us and to hear that the Allies had taken Syria, and showed splendid spirit despite all their troubles, and it was grand to hear them shouting: "Well done, the British!" and "There'll always be an England." Although we saw lots more, we

I WAS THERE!

After the landing of the Allied forces on Spitzbergen a Norwegian major, representing the Norwegian Government in London, informed the people that they were to be evacuated. Above, inhabitants, aided by Canadian soldiers, are gathering their belongings on the jetty preparatory to embarking. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

never had a similar opportunity to talk to them again; however, we threw them as many cigarettes as we could gather together, and they seemed very glad to get them.

I think it was on the evening of the fifth day that we passed Berchtesgaden; the scenery was certainly magnificent, but one felt amused that the Fuehrer needed to have his house built in a place where one would normally only expect to find birds of prey picking the bones of what they had devoured.

Later in our journey we passed through the Black Forest, but we were disappointed not to see Goering's hunting lodge; but we heard instead that he was languishing in gaol.

Nothing much else occurred until we reached Dijon, in German-occupied France. Here our train halted in the station for some time, and we were able to talk to quite a lot of French people. One train that was passing through for Paris welcomed us with every sign of friendship, in spite of the fact that there were lots of German sentries on the platform; all the windows were jammed with people waving to us and making signs that they were depending on us, and there was much blowing of kisses. In the carriage directly opposite me was a most warm-hearted and good-looking girl-guide who bore the bravest smile I have ever seen; and we were extremely sorry when their train steamed out. As it left the station the girl waved her handkerchief, and in one corner was a miniature Union Jack.

Soon afterwards another train came in alongside us full of released French prisoners-of-war; they were very friendly and glad to see us, and we got into conversation all along the line, and left them very much more cheerful than we had found them.

It was here that we had confirmed for us the story [see page 142] that the trains bearing French reinforcements to Syria were stoned by their own countrymen, and many shouted to them: "May you rot with good British bayonets in your bellies." Poor devils! What a send-off to fight a war.

We then travelled down to Toulon, stopping a night at Lyons as guests of the Red Cross, who were very good to us on our journey, even in Germany, where they gave us bread and coffee. At Marseilles we stayed for four hours; here we met only with friendliness, especially from the porters on the platform.

In Marseilles our most confirmed bachelor was very embarrassed by the pathetic gratitude of the young girl to whom he gave a piece of soap—there's not much of that in France nowadays.

Then we went on to Toulon, and all along the line we were cheered by friendly crowds at the stations, including soldiers on leave, who we had always heard were not so inclined to like us. In Toulon we were shut up in a Napoleonic fortress, and were able to examine at leisure the signatures of past prisoners-of-war inscribed on the walls, many over a century old; also to try-out the disadvantages of a rather inadequate vegetarian diet.

From Toulon in a ship back to Beirut, where a huge breakfast made us completely forget that we had ever been hungry. And then we finally arrived safely in Cairo.

How We Spent The Last Days on Spitzbergen

Among the Norwegians who came to England from Spitzbergen was Mrs. Mary Olsen, with her husband, Andor, and their 13-year-old daughter. Mrs. Olsen gave the following account of their last days in their Arctic home to a "Daily Mail" reporter. See pages 158-159.

WARM sunshine bathed the little Arctic town where we lived. I was at work in my timber-built cottage, my daughter Marie was playing outside with our pet "husky" dog Kiki.

Suddenly a neighbour cried out, "There are warships in the bay!"

I took Marie by the hand and we ran to the sea, Kiki galloping at our heels. The lifting mist revealed a great fleet of ships at the entrance to the fiord.

Ship's boats packed with soldiers were coming towards the quay. As the first boat scraped alongside an officer in uniform sprang ashore.

"Good-morning," he called in Norwegian. No one in the little knot of people, mostly women and children, who had gathered to watch, answered him. We did not know who they were. We were suspicious.

Soldiers in khaki climbed out of the boat—smiling soldiers who stood smartly to attention and winked at the children clinging to our hands.

Then someone noticed the flag of Norway on the officer's shoulder. There was an audible sigh of relief. It was all right. These were British soldiers—not Germans.

Spitzbergen was being occupied. I listened uncomprehendingly to my English-speaking countrymen who were now chatting with the newcomers. I watched, wondering, until Marie suddenly said that she was hungry. We went back home. Then an excited friend told me "The Canadians have come to take us away. They are going to free our beloved Norway."

The news was a shock. I love my home. Andor, my husband, is a foreman in the mines. All our life was here. This was a big decision. Sad thoughts ran through my mind.

The story of a Norwegian family's last days on Spitzbergen before the evacuation is told in this page. Here are mothers and children from Spitzbergen on arrival in Britain, still wearing their picturesque ski costumes. Nearly 1,000 of the evacuated Norwegians are now happily settled in temporary quarters in Scotland. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

I WAS THERE!

" This is my dear Spitzbergen. This is our home. Andor and I have a beautiful home and a beautiful child. Oh, God, why should there be Nazis . . . "

I went on with my household work. Late in the afternoon Andor came in from the mines. We had tea.

The Canadians were busy. Everything was to go on normally; there would be more news tomorrow.

I took out the last letter I had received from my mother months ago. There was very little in it. Away in Roros, near Trondheim, the Nazis were in possession. All the letter contained were little family details. But it did let us know that food was scarce, queues long.

Spitzbergen was beyond the war. We listened to the radio, some to Oslo, but most of us to the Norwegian news from London. We did not always believe the news from London. But we never believed the news from Oslo. That was Hitler talking. So we were often puzzled.

Days passed. The Canadians went about their own affairs and we carried on as usual—went shopping, even had one or two little house parties.

Then came the day we were told we were to sail for Britain. We could each bring 50 kilos of luggage. Fifty kilos! What could I do with all our treasures, the home we had built, and our lovely furniture?

I was so sad, but my Marie was in great excitement . . . " Going to England! What fun! "

Andor and I talked it over. There was nothing else to talk about. " It is for freedom and right," he would reassure me. He said it over and over again.

Then the last day. There were more explosions as the Canadians went about destroying mines and machinery around Longyear.

One big explosion I welcomed. It drowned the crack of a gunshot. That was the end of poor Kiki. He had to be destroyed. One of Andor's friends did it for us. Poor Marie wept as Kiki was led away.

Mid-afternoon, Andor placed our luggage outside the door. I had one last look round. All the things I left. Little treasures I had carried from Norway. Andor locked the door and took the key. I never looked back. Now I am glad to be here. What we did was right. We know it.

This Soviet bomber crew has a fine record. Its members have taken part in twenty air combats and have bombed Constantza, Sulina and Tulcia. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

We Came from East and West to Bomb Berlin

During July and August 1941 Berlin was under fire from two sides, for the Red Air Force alternated with the R.A.F. in raiding the city. Here spokesmen of the two air forces describe their experiences.

LIEUTENANT MALININ, of the Red Air Force, described a Russian raid on Berlin in the following words:

When we started for our raid on Berlin we knew that it would not be easy. By following strictly our mapped course we had to cover several thousand kilometres under difficult weather conditions. Soon after we took off we were flying in clouds. Conditions were very unfavourable, as a large zone of cloud stretched all along the route to Berlin. Over 70 per cent of our flying time was spent flying blind about the clouds. Temperature dropped to 40 degrees below zero. On board it was completely dark except for the dim light shed by the instrument panels. When I looked down at the bank of dense black cloud I could not help wondering whether we would be able to locate our target.

We forged on through cloud and rain. According to our calculations we were already over Germany, but we could see nothing but clouds. When our time reckoning indicated that we had reached our goal we were still not quite sure of our bearings. However, there was no time to waste. With muffled engines I made for the target. Through the last layer of ragged clouds we saw the ground. Below lay Berlin. I looked at the time—exactly 1.47. Everything in order and according to our calculations.

Suddenly we saw flickering lights flashing in front of us—enemy fighters. Our navigator, Tkachenko, spotted two of them, and our wireless operator, Martyanov, saw three more. The Nazis had not seen us. What were we to do? Hide in the clouds? But this would mean missing our objectives. We decided to go right down below the clouds—down to 2,700 feet. From that height we could see the city quite clearly. Through a misty haze it looked like a huge field criss-crossed by ditch-like streets and squares.

So far everything was quiet—no searchlights or A.A. guns. Our plane was the first to reach the target. The enemy had either failed to notice us or was biding his time to deceive us. At 2,700 feet I manoeuvred in accordance with Tkachenko's instructions to find our strategic objectives. Time was passing—1.55 . . . 2.0. Finally, Tkachenko found what he was looking for.

Our machine shuddered as a heavy bomb was released. Below, a dazzling explosion flared up. We were dropping very heavy bombs, and from the air we could clearly see how each bomb threw up a pillar of fire. When our load had gone we flew back into the clouds. Looking back, I could see more flashes through the darkness. Our comrades were already hard at work.

Our return journey was uneventful. We climbed high and under cover of cloud made for home. At our base we were met by several comrades. " Well, what's the news? " " Everything in order," we reported; and I could not help adding, " I don't suppose Berlin will sleep very well tonight."

AFTER RAIDING GERMANY this bomber pilot (seated in cockpit) landed his plane safely in a thickly wooded plantation when his petrol supply ran out. *Photo, British Official*

MUCH more favourable weather conditions were enjoyed by the R.A.F. during the heaviest raid they had made on Berlin. A Squadron Leader of a heavy bomber squadron said:

We could see the western defences of Berlin—the flak and the searchlights—in action when we were still 40 miles away. They seemed very busy, and we knew then that the earlier aircraft were already doing their stuff. Just south of Berlin we saw one of our bombers very low down and caught in a cone of searchlights. Then an enemy fighter attacked him. I was busy keeping an eye on the flak and searchlights, but my crew said they saw tracer shooting between the two aircraft, and the next thing they reported was that the fighter had gone down in flames.

There were five big fires already going when we got to Berlin: big orange and red-coloured fires with masses of smoke and flames, two of them nearly in the centre of the city. We could see buildings ablaze and flames coming out of the windows.

Conditions were absolutely ideal for bombing. The moon was so bright that if we had been flying at the same height in daylight we could hardly have seen more. Streets and buildings and railway lines—everything stood out absolutely clearly; I even picked out the Brandenburger Tor. There was not even a bit of haze to cover the city. We had our set target, which was one of the big railway stations, but we could have bombed from just anywhere we liked; we had the city at our mercy, as it were.

We got to Berlin about a quarter of an hour after midnight and we left at about a quarter to one. During that time we saw a number of other people bombing, and then we dropped our bombs. We were carrying one of the new bombs. When it went off there was an explosion which lit up the sky.

We had a grand journey back—almost flak- and searchlight-free—but as we were nearing home the port engine failed. We threw out a bit of stuff to lighten the aircraft, and came along very nicely on one engine. When we got over the aerodrome that engine packed up too. I managed to land in a field, after encountering difficulties with a haystack and some telegraph wires. No sooner had we landed than up came three Home Guards with rifles at the ready, but when they saw it was a Wellington everything was all right. When we got back to the aerodrome and talked things over with the others who had been out, we agreed that this raid on Berlin was one of the most successful we had ever been on anywhere.—*Soviet War News and Air Ministry News Service.*

Editor's Postscript

"COUNTRY life is not all it's cracked up to be," someone said to me the other day. And as an inveterate townsman upon whom, at a late day, the rural way of life has come less from choice than circumstance, I was inclined to agree. Harvest bugs, for example. I've made my first acquaintance with them in these autumnal days. I thought at first I had contracted some sort of blood disorder . . . itching here, itching there, and a baker's dozen of focal points of discomfort arising as I scratched from ankle upleg! With relief I found that many others in my neighbourhood were suffering similarly. Strange how one's discomfort lessens with the knowledge that others are in like state.

I HAD suffered from the "bicho colorado" (*lit.* red insect) in South America, and mosquitos have at times robbed the most enchanting sub-tropical scenes of all their charm for me, but these minute harvest bugs whose acquaintance I have made so recently—" eh, it's been a rare year fur tham dratted 'arvest mites," said a shepherd of the Downs to me yesterday, giving them their proper name—are as effective itch producers as any South American "bicho." Nor is it any consolation to know that this absurdly tiny red devil belongs to the family of *Trombidiidae* and, as a relative of the "bicho colorado," has quite a surprising life-story.

HIS abundance this year is due to the long lush grass which the August rains have engendered. Fortunately ammonia quickly reduces the irritation his activities create. But bad as the plague of insect life may be—insects preceded Man by millions of years and will probably survive him by millions more—it is nothing to what might have been, as I read in J. B. S. Haldane's "Fact and Faith" that if all the existing varieties of only one species of fly, *Drosophila Melanogaster*, could be suitably crossed there isn't enough matter in all the known heavenly bodies, and probably not in the universe, to make *one* fly of each of the possible kinds simultaneously! How's that for being fruitful and occupying the Earth? According to Maeterlinck it was really a case of touch-and-go for mastery of the Earth between the Termite (the so-called White Ant) and Man. Nature, in her infinite variety, becomes somewhat alarming to contemplate close up. The epidemics that will inevitably follow the gigantic destruction of human beings now proceeding along the Western Front of Russia will involve some epic battles between the minutest forms of insect life and the latest ingenuities of Science.

IN passing through the ruins of the Temple today—or rather trying to pass through, for ruin is now at its zenith there, as the housebreakers pull down the gaunt skeletons of the antique memory-haunted courts and halls—I went to see how Crown Office Row was faring. A few days more and its last brick will have been dislodged. A bit of the south wall at hallowed No. 2, where Charles Lamb was born, still stood but was about to come down. All my life in London that quite featureless brick building has fascinated me, and I have rarely in the thousand times I have passed it failed to think back to those distant days when, having just discovered Charles Lamb, and so let a new and lovely light stream into my young mind, I read and re-read him in cheap pocket editions (Cassell's Library) under the birch trees of a little wood in the Isle of Bute. Well, like his roses that perished, his birthplace has perished too, and on another distant day when some new building will occupy its site we shall have to be content with one of those blue enamelled plaques which the L.C.C. put up at historic places reading (perhaps) "In a house that stood on this site, destroyed by Enemy Action, in 1941, Charles Lamb ('Elia'), English Essayist, was born February 10, 1775."

MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, President Roosevelt's Lease and Lend envoy, who heads the American Mission to Moscow for the three-power supply talks. *Photo, G.P.U.*

EMERGING from the bright interior of a theatre yesterday a little after eight o'clock into the dark of a moonless evening, I was suddenly conscious that the nights of gloom had actually returned. The haunting horrors of last winter, which our relatively happy months of double summertime had helped us to forget, came back in chilling memories. The empty, ghostly squares and side streets through which we passed, which were so recently traffic-thronged in ten p.m. daylight, and where last winter and spring the bombs had fallen every night or two: they all seemed scraps of a bad dream that was being dreamt again. But in the dazzling cheerfulness of the hotel lounge this mood of brooding memory quickly vanished, and doubtless after a few more nights of outward gloom one will recover something of that stoic poise which carried us all through the worst days and nights of the Battle of Britain, apprehensive, afraid, but still undaunted. Myself, although I happened to be in many of the heavy raids during my London nights, I had the luck to escape two or three of the worst. Perhaps my luck will hold again during the coming terror we are promised; at least I hope so, for even a limited experience of London's night raids counts for quite a lot in a lifetime.

"SWANK" is a quality I detest, although one may still like a friend who is "a bit of a swanker"—I have more than one—for the sake of his other qualities. So far as one can examine objectively one's own actions and reactions, I have always tried to do so, and have seldom felt more indignant than when an old friend wrote to me, some weeks back, breaking a long silence, and mentioned that his "young people" thought it was swank to mention "my village" in my jottings. The young sillies! What about "my country," "my hometown," "my doctor," "my tailor," "my tobacconist" (who swears he hasn't "my" cigarettes this week)? My friend tells me that he explained to his critical offspring that "my village" did not indicate any actual proprietary claims but was just "a journalistic way" of alluding to the place.

HIS young people must be abnormally dense, or little used to our common idiom to need such enlightenment at their age, and the fun of the thing is that, although I own a good percentage of the houses in "my village" (more swank), I could never for a moment think of it as "mine." Occasionally I derive some quiet amusement from hearing some of my colleagues refer to those immediately under their direction as "my people." Not once do I recollect ever having lumped the lot as "my people," and I have been directing editorial staffs for well over forty years.

THIS matter of swank was really not suggested by that letter from my friend of old years, whom I haven't met since the last war, and who wrote to me "out of the blue" (he might have been buried for all I knew), but by noticing today on a Sussex highway two 10 h.p. cars proudly displaying the "G.B." plaques which are supplied for temporary use only when travelling abroad. I could fish out several of these from my garage dump, for I have never, on returning from any of my foreign tours, failed to remove the G.B. mark, which is totally meaningless *in* Great Britain. To wander about British roads flaunting this advertisement of your having been abroad (at least once) has always seemed to me the very apex of motoring swank. You will notice the G.B. more often on an 8 or 10 than on a 27 or 30 h.p. But to display it any time since August 1939 is sheer senseless swagger. Possibly the two instances I observed today may have originated in secondhand purchases and the buyers' ignorance of the significance of the initials. You never know. But let's be charitable.

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